THE

CITY WIT,

OR,

The VVoman wears the

BREECHES.

A

COMEDY.

LONDON,

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The Prologue.

Quot quot adeſtis, ſalvete, ſalvetote Gentlemen,

YOu ſee I come unarm'd among you, ſine Virga aut Ferula, *without Rod or Ferular, which are the Pedants weapons.* Id eſt, *that is to ſay, I come not hither to be an Inſtructor to any of you, that were* Aquilam volare docere, aut Delphinum natare, *to teach the Ape, well learned as my ſelfe. Nor came I to inſtruct the Comedians. That were for me to be* Aſinus inter ſimias, *the fool o'the Company*: I dare not undertake them. *I am no* Pædagogus *nor* Hypodidaſcalus *here. I approach not hither* ad erudiendum, nec ad Corrigendum. *Nay I have given my Schollars leave to play, to get a* Vacuum *for my ſelfe to day, to Act a particle here in a Play; an Actor being wanting that could beare it with port and ſtate enough. A Pedant is not eaſily imitated. Therefore in perſon, I for your delight have*

left my Schoole to tread the Stage. Pray Jove *the terror of my brow ſpoile not your mirth, for you cannot forget the fury of a Tutor, when you have layne under the blazing Comet of his wrath, with* quæſo Præceptor te precor da——*&c. But, let feare paſſe, nothing but mirth's intended.*

But I had forgot my ſelfe, A Prologue ſhould be in Rythme, &c. therefore I will begin agen.

Kind Gentlemen, and men of gentle kinde,
There is in that a figure, as you'll finde,
Becauſe we'l take your eares as 'twere in Ropes,
Ile nothing ſpeak but figures, ſtrayns & tropes.

Quot quot adeſtis Salvete ſalvetote.
The Schoolemaſter that never yet beſought yee,
Is now become a ſuitor, that you'll ſit,
And exerciſe your Judgement with your wit,
On this our Comedy, which in bold Phraſe,
The Author ſayes has paſt with good applauſe
In former times. For it was written, when
It bore juſt Judgement, and the ſeal of Ben.
Some in this round may have both ſeen't, and heard,
Ere I, that beare its title, wore a Beard.
My ſute is therefore that you will not looke,
To find more in the Title then the Booke.
My part the Pedant, though it ſeem a Columne

Is but a Page, compar'd to the whole volume.
What bulk have I to bear a Scene to paſſe,
But by your favours multiplying Glaſſe.
In nova fert Animus, *then Ile do my beſt*
To gaine your Plaudite among the reſt.
So with the ſalutation I firſt brought yee,
Quot quot adeſtis, ſalvete ſalvetote.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Craſy, a young Citizen, falling into decay.
Jeremy, his Apprentice.
Sarpego, a Pedant.
Sneakup, *Craſyes* Father in Law.
Pyannet, *Sneakup's* Wife.

Ticket
Rufflit } two Courtiers.

Lady *Ticket*.
Joſina, *Craſyes* Wife.
Linſy-Wolſey, a thrifty Citizen.
Toby, ſonne to *Sneakup*.
Bridget, *Ioſina's* Maid.
Crack, a Boy that ſings.

Iſabell
Jone } two keeping Women.

The

The City VVit.

OR,

The woman wears the Breeches.

ACT. I. *Scene* I.

A Dinner carryed over the Stage in covered Dishes. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Crasy*, *Jeremy*.

SEt forth that Table *Jer.* *A Table set forth with empty Money-bags, Bills, Bonds, & Bookes of accompts, &c.*

Jer. Will you not go in and dine, Sir?

Cra. No: I am of other dyet to day.

Jer. The whole company expects you.

Cra. May they sit merry with their cheer, while I feed on this hard meat. And wait you within; I shall not change a trencher.

Jer. Alas my good Master. *Exit.*

Cra. Here are the nests, but all the Birds are flown. How easie a thing it is to be undone, When credulous Man will trust his 'state to others! Am I drawn dry? Not so much as the Lees left? Nothing but empty Cask? have I no refuge To fly to now? Yes, here, about a groats worth Of paper it was once. Would I had now *Greens* groats-worth of wit for it. But 'twill serve To light tobacco-pipes. Here (let me see) Here is three hundred pound, two hundred here. And here one hundred, and two hundred here; Fifty; fifty; fifty; and one hundred here, And here one hundred and fifty. Besides A many parcells of small debts, which make Two hundred more. I shall not live to tell it, But put it up, and take it by the weight. O me! how heavy 'tis! And, doubtless, so 'twould be At some mans heart. It troubles me a little.

He takes up the bags.

He takes up the bils & papers.

He puts the Bills & Bonds into a Bag.

Enter *Jeremy.*

Now what newes?

He takes up a scroll.

Jer. My mistris, and your Mother Sir, Intreats you to come to dinner.

Cra. These they are; My debts, That strike me through. This bag will never pay Any of these.

Jer. Sir, shall I say you'l come?

Cra. How well it were, if any of my Creditors Could once but dream that this were current mony!

Jer. What shall I say?

Cra. Even what thou wilt, good *Jeremy*.

Jer.

Jer. Alas you know, this dinner was appointed
A friendly meeting for moſt of your Creditors,
And many of your Debtors.
Cra. But I hope
Few of the laſt appeare. (dare
Jer. None but ſome priviledg'd Courtiers, that
Put in at all mens Tables. They're all ſet,
Your Creditors on one ſide, and your Debtors
On t'other; and do only ſtay for you.
Cra. To feed on; do they? Goe. I will not come.
Jer. I feare, Sir, you will overthrow the good
That was intended you. You know this meeting
Was for the Creditors to give longer day,
As they ſhould find your Debtors to acknowledg
The ſummes they owe you. Sir I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee you ſinck, or forc'd to hide your head,
That look'd as high, as any in the City.
Cra. Prithee go in. And if they ſeem to ſtay,
Pray 'em fall too; tell 'em I take this time
Only to order my Accompts, and that as ſoon
As they are full, and fit to talk, I'le come:
Good *Jeremie* goe.
Jer. Introth I pity him——— *Exit* weeping.
Cra. A right good Boy thou art. I think on thee:
What muſt I do now: All I have is loſt,
And what I have not, ſought to be forc'd from me,
I muſt take nimble hold upon Occaſion,
Or lie for ever in the Bankrupt ditch,
Where no man lends a hand to draw one out.
I will leape over it, or fall bravely in't,
Scorning the Bridge of Baſeneſs, Compoſition,
Which doth infect a City like the Plague,
And teach men Knavery, that were never born to't:
Whereby the Rope-deſerving Raſcall gains
Purple and Furrs, Trappings and golden Chaines.

Baſe

Baſe Compoſition, baſer far then Want,
Then Beggery, Impriſonment, Slavery:
I ſcorn thee, though thou lov'ſt a Tradeſ-man dearly
And mak'ſt a Chandler Lord of thouſands yearly.
I will have other ayd. How now! Againe?

Enter *Ieremy:*

Jer. O, Sir, you are undone.
Cra. Haſt thou no newes, *Jeremie?*
Jer. Alas your Mother Sir——
Cra. Why what of her?
Is there a Plate loſt, or a 'Poſtle-ſpoon
A China Diſh broke, or an ancient Glaſs,
And ſtain'd with Wine her Damaſque table-cloath?
Or is the Salt faln towards her? What's the matter?
Jer. Her miſchievous tongue has over-thrown the good
Was meant to you.
Cra. What Good, good *Jeremie?*
Jer. Your Creditors were on a reſolution
To do you good, and madly ſhe oppos'd it,
And with a vehement voyce proclaims you a Beggar;
Says, you have undone her Daughter; that no good
Is fit to be done for you: And ſuch a ſtorm
Of wicked breath——
Cra. She's drunk; Is ſhe not, *Jeremie?*
Jer. No Sir, 'tis nothing but her old diſeaſe,
The Tongue-ague, whoſe fit is now got up
To ſuch a height, the Devil cannot lay it.
The learned School-maſter, Mr. *Sarpego*
Has conjur'd it by all his parts of ſpeech,
His Tropes and Figures; and cannot be heard
I'th furious Tempeſt. All your Creditors
Are gone in Rage; will take their courſe, they ſay.
Some of your Debtors ſtay, I think, to laugh at her.

Enter

Enter *Sarpego.*

Sar. Now deafeneſs ſeize me. I diſclaime my hearing. I defie my audituall part. I renounce mine ears. Miſtris *Pyannet*, a deſperate Palſey is on thy lips, and an everlaſting Feaver on thy Tongue?

Cra. *What raging Rout hath rent thy reſt;*
What Scold hath ſcutch'd thy skonce:
Sar. *I'le breath it to thy bolder breaſt,*
That askst me for the nonce.

You underſtand or know, that here hath been a Feaſt made, to take up a ponderous difference between Maſter *Sneakup*, your Father in Law, and your ſelfe Mr. *Craſy*; and between moſt of your Creditors and Debitors. Food hath been eaten; Wine drunck; Talke paſt; Breath ſpent; Labour loſt: For why? Miſtris *Pyannet* your Mother in Law, Mr. *Sneakups* Wife (though ſhee will be call'd by none but her owne name) that woman of an eternall Tongue; that Creature of an everlaſting noyſe; whoſe perpetuall talke is able to deafen a Miller; whoſe diſcourſe is more tedious then a Juſtices Charge; Shee, that will out-ſcold ten carted Bawds, even when ſhe is ſober; and out-chat fifteen Midwives, though fourteen of them be halfe drunk: this Shee-thing hath burſt all. *Demoſthenes* himſelfe would give her over. Therefore hopeleſs *Sarpego* is ſilent.

Enter *Pyannet*, *Sneakup*, Sir *Andrew Ticket*, *Rufflit*, *La. Ticket*, *Joſina*, *Linſy-Wolſy.*

Py. O, are you here Sir! You have ſpun a fair thred.

Here's

Here's much ado, and little help. We can make bolt nor ſhaft, find neither head nor foot in your buſineſs. My daughter and I may both curſe the time, that ever we ſaw the eyes of thee.

Cra. Sir, you have the civill vertue of Patience in you. Dear Sir hear me.

Py. He ſayes he heares thee, and is aſham'd to ſee thee. Haſt not undone our Daughter? ſpent her Portion; deceiv'd our hopes; waſted thy fortunes; undone thy credite; prov'd Bankrupt?

Cra. All was but my kind heart in truſting, in truſting, Father.

Py. Kind heart! What ſhould Citizens do with kind hearts; or truſting in any thing but God, and ready money?

Cra. What would you, dear Father, that I ſhould do now?

Py. Marry depart in peace Sir. Vaniſh in ſilence Sir. I'le take my Daughter home Sir. She ſhall not beg with you Sir. No marry ſhalt thou not; no, 'deed Duck ſhalt thou not.

Cra. Be yet but pleaſed to anſwer me, good Sir. May not an honeſt man———

Py. Honeſt man! Who the Devill wiſh'd thee to be an honeſt man? Here's my worſhipfull Husband, Mr. *Sneakup*, that from a Graſier is come to be a Juſtice of Peace: And, what, as an honeſt man? Hee grew to be able to give nine hundred pound with my daughter; and, what, by honeſtie? Mr. *Sneakup* and I are come up to live i'th City, and here we have lyen theſe three years; and what? for honeſty? Honeſty! What ſhould the City do with honeſty; when 'tis enough to undoe a whole Corporation? Why are your Wares gumm'd; your Shops dark; your Prizes writ in ſtrange Characters? what, for honeſty? Honeſty? why is hard waxe call'd

call'd Merchants waxe; and is ſaid ſeldome or never to be rip'd off, but it plucks the skin of a Lordſhip with it? what! for honeſty? Now (mortified my Concupiſcence!) Doſt thou think, that our Neighbour, Maſter *Linſy-Wolſie* here, from the ſonne of a Tripe-wife, and a Rope-maker, could aſpire to be an Aldermans Deputy; to be Worſhipfull Mr. *Linſie-Wolſie*; Venerable Mr. *Linſie-wolſie*; to weare Sattin ſleeves, & whip Beggars? And, what? By honeſty? Have we bought an Office, here, for our towardly and gracious ſon and heire here, young Mr. *Sneakup*——

Tob. Yes forſooth Mother.

Py. And made him a Courtier, in hope of his honeſty? Nay, (once for all) Did we marry our Daughter, here, to thee; rack'd our Purſes to pay Portion; left Country houſe-keeping to ſave charges, in hope either of thine, or her honeſty? No, we look'd, that thy Ware-houſe ſhould have eaten up Caſtles, and that for thy narrow Walke in a Jewellers ſhop, a whole Countrey ſhould not have ſuffic'd thee.

Cra. If my uncunning Diſpoſition be my only vice, then Father——

Py. Nay, and thou haſt been married three years to my Daughter, and haſt not got her with Child yet! How do'ſt anſwer that? For a woman to be married to a fruitfull Fool, there is ſome bearing with him yet. (I know it by my ſelf) but a dry barren Fool! How doſt thou ſatisfie that?

Cra. It may be defect in your Daughter, as probable as in me.

Py. O impudent varlet! Defect in my Daughter? O horrible indignity! Defect in my Daughter? Nay; 'tis well known, before ever thou ſaweſt her, there was no defect in my Daughter:

Cra. Well: If to be honeſt, be to be a fool, my utmoſt Ambition

Ambition is a Coxcomb. Sir, I crave your farewell.

Py. Marry Sir, and have it with all his heart. My Husband is a man of few words, and hath committed his tongue to me: And I hope I ſhall uſe it to his Worſhip. Fare you well Sir.

Tic. Thanks for your cheer and full bounty of Entertainment, good Mr. *Sneakup.*

Py. He rather thanks you for your patience, and kind viſitation, good Sir *Andrew Ticket.* Yes indeed forſooth does he.

La. Tic. I take my leave Sir, too.

Sneak. Good Madame—

Py. Uds ſo! ther's a trick! you muſt talk, muſt you? And your Wife in preſence, muſt you? As if I could not have ſaid, good Madame. Good Madame! Do you ſee how it becomes you?

La. Tic. Good Miſtris *Sneakup.*

Py. Good Madame, I beſeech your Ladiſhip to excuſe our deficiency of Entertainment. Though our power be not to our wiſh, yet we wiſh that our Power were to your Worth, which merrits better ſervice—

La. Tic. Pardon me.

Py. Then our rudeneſſe——

La. Tic. You wrong your ſelfe.

Py. Can tender, or poſſibly expreſſe by——

La. Tic. I beſeech you forſooth——

Py. Our beſt labour, or utmoſt devoire. Yes I proteſt ſweet Madame. I beſeech you, as you paſſe by in Coach ſometimes, vouchſafe to ſee me; and, if I come to Court, I will preſume to viſite your Ladiſhip, and your worthy Knight, Good Sir *Andrew!* And I pray you Madame, how does your Monckey, your Parrot, and Parraquitoes? I pray commend me to 'em, and to all your little ones. Fare you well, ſweet Creature.

Exit.

Ruff. Wee'll leave you to take private farewell of your Wife, Mr. *Craſie.*

Tob. Wee'l meet you at your Horſe, brother.

Exeunt omnes, præter Craſy, Joſina.

Joſ. Lov'd, my deare heart, my ſweeteſt, my very being, will you needs take your journey? I ſhall fall before your return into a Conſumption. If you did but conceive what your departure will bring upon me, I know (my ſweet) nay I do know—— but goe your ways; ſtrike my finger into mine eye: 'Tis not the firſt true teare a married woman has ſhed.

Cra. Why you heare the noyſe of that woman of ſound, your Mother. I muſt travell down, or not keep up. Yet—

Joſ. Nay, goe I beſeech you; you ſhall never ſay, I undid you. Goe I pray: But never look to ſee me my owne woman again. How long will you ſtay forth?

Cra. A fortnight at the leaſt; and a moneth at the moſt.

Joſ. Well, a fortnight at the leaſt. Never woman took a more heavy departure. Kiſſe me. Farewel. Kiſs me againe. I pray does your Horſe amble, or trot? Do not ride poſt as you come home, I pray. Kiſſe me once more. Farewell. *Exit Cra.*

Hay hoe! How I do gape.

Enter *Bridget*, *Jeremy*.

Bri. What's a clock *Bridget.*

Joſ. Paſt three forſooth.

Joſ. Tis paſt ſleeping time then, *Bridget.* (means.

Bri. Nothing is paſt to thoſe, that have a mind and

Joſ. Thats true and tryed. Go lay my Pillow *Bridget.*

Exit Brid.

Lord

Lord, what a thing a woman is in her Husbands absence! Waſt thou ever in love, *Jeremy*?

Jer. Who I forſooth? No forſooth.

Joſ. I forſooth, and no forſooth? then I perceive you are forſooth. But I adviſe you to take head, how you levell your Affection towards me: I am your Miſtris; And I hope you never heard of any Apprentice was ſo bold with his Miſtris.

Jer. No indeed forſooth. I ſhould be ſorry there ſhould be any ſuch.

Joſ. Nay, be not ſorry neither *Jeremy*. Is thy Maſter gone? Look. A pretty youth, this ſame *Jeremy*! And is come of a good Race. I have heard my Mother ſay, his Father was a Ferretter——

Enter *Jeremy*.

Jer. He is gone forſooth.

Joſ. Come hither *Jeremy*. Doſt thou ſee this Handkerchief?

Jer. Yes forſooth.

Joſ. I vow'd this Handkerchief ſhould never touch any bodies face, but ſuch a one, as I would intreat to lie with me.

Jer. Indeed forſooth!

Joſ. Come hither *Jeremy*. There's a ſpot o'thy Cheek, let me wipe it off.

Jer. O Lord forſooth. I'le go waſh it. *Exit Joſ.*

Joſ. Heaven made this Boy of a very honeſt Appetite, ſober Ignorance, and modeſt Underſtanding. My old Grandmothers Latine is verified upon him; *Ars non habet Inimicum præter Ignorantem.* Ignorance is womans greateſt Enemy. Who's within? *Bridget.*

Enter

Enter Bridget.

Bri. Here forſooth.

Joſ. Go your wayes to Miſtreſſe *Parmiſan*, the Cheeſmongers Wife in old Fiſhſtreet, and commend me to her; and intreat her to pray Miſtreſſe *Colliflоore* the Hearb-woman in the Old Change, that ſhe will deſire Miſtris *Piccadell* in Bow-lane, in any hand to beſeech the good old dry Nurſe mother, *Et cetera*, ſhee knowes where, to provide me an honeſt, handſome, ſecret young man; that can write, and read written hand. Take your errand with you, that can write and read written hand.

Bri. I warrant you forſooth.

Exit.

Joſ. So, now will I meditate, take a nap, and dreame out a few fancies.

ACT I. *Sene* II.

Enter *Craſy*, booted. *Ticket*, *Rufflit*, *Tobias* *Sarpego*, *Linſy woolſy*.

Tic. WEE take our leaves Mr. *Craſy*, and wiſh good Journey to you.

Ruff. Farewell good Mr. *Craſy*.

Tob. Adieu Brother.

Sar. *Iterum iterumque vale.*

Lin. Heartily Godbuy, good Mr. *Craſy*.

Cra. Nay

Cra. Nay but Gentlemen: A little of your patience you all know your own Debts, and my almoſt impudent neceſſities, ſatisfie me, that I may diſcharge others. Will you ſuffer me to ſink under my Freenes? ſhall my goodneſſe, and ready Pietie undoe me? Sir *Andrew Ticket*, you are a profeſt Courtier, and ſhould have a tender ſenſe of honor. This is your day of payment for two hundred pound.

Tic. Blood of *Bacchus*, tis true, tis my day, what then? Doſt take me for a Cittizen, that thou thinkeſt I'll keep my day? No, thou'ſt find that I am a Courtier, let my day keep me and 'twill. But doſt heare? Come to the Court. I will not ſay what I will do for thee. But come to the Court. I ow the two hundred pounds: I'll not deny't, if thou ask ſeven years hence for't, farewell. I ſay no more, but come to the Court, and ſee if I will know thee.

Cra. O, Sir, now you are in favour, you will know no body.

Tic. True: tis juſt. Why ſhould we, when we are in favour know any body; when, if we be in diſgrace, no body will know us? Farewell honeſt Tradeſman.

Exit.

Sar. That is Synonima for a fool. An ironicall Epithite, upon my Facunditie.

Cra. O Maſter *Sarpego*! I know you will ſatisfie your own driblet of ten pound, I lent you out of my Purſe.

Sar. Diogenes Laertius on a certaine time, demanding of *Cornelius Tacitus* an Areopagit of *Syracuſa*; what was the moſt Commodious and expediteſt method to kill the Itch, anſwered——

Cra. Anſwer me my monyes I beſeech you.

Sar. Peremptorily, *Careo Supinis*; I want money. I confeſſe, ſome driblets are in the Debet. But, me thinks

thinks, that you being a Man of Wit, Braine, Forecaſt and Forehead, ſhould not be ſo eaſie, (I will not ſay fooliſh, for that were a figure) as to lend a Philoſopher money, that cryes, when he is naked, *Omnia mea mecum porto.* Well Sir, I ſhall ever live to wish, that your owne Lanthorne may be your direction; and that, where ever you travell, the *Cornu copia* of Abundance may accompany you. Yes ſure shall I. *Vive valeque.*

Exit.

Tob. Why look you Brother, It was thought, that I had a tender Pericranion; or, in direct Phraſe, that I was an unthrifty fool. Signior no: you ſhall now find, that I cannot only keep mine own, but other mens. It is rightly ſaid, He that is poor in Appetite, may quickly be rich in Purſe. Deſire little; covet little; no not your own: And you ſhall have enough.

Cra. Enough?

Tob. Yes Brother, litle enough. I confeſſe I am your Debtor for the loane of ſome hundred Marks. Now you have need: who has not? you have need to have it. I have need to pay it. Here's need of all hands. But Brother, you ſhall be no looſer by me. Purchaſe Wit; Get wit (look you) wit. And Brother, if you come to the Court, now my Mother and my Father have bought me an Office there, ſo you will bring my Siſter with you, I will make the beſt ſhew of you that I can. It may chance to ſet you up againe, Brother; tis many an honeſt mans fortune, to riſe by a good Wife. Farewell ſweet Brother. Prithee grow rich againe; and weare good Cloaths, that we may keep our Acquaintance ſtill. Farewell, deare Brother. *Exit.*

Cra. Mr. Rufflit——

Ruff. VVhat, does thy fiſt gape for mony from me?

Cra. I hope it is not the faſhion, for a Gallant of faſhion, to break for ſo ſmall a Portion as the ſumme of an hundred Angells.

Ruff. For a Gallant of faſhion to break, for a Gallant of faſhion? Doſt thou know what a Gallant of faſhion is? I'll tell thee. It is a thing that but once in three Moneths has money in his Purſe; A creature made up of Promiſe and Proteſtation: A thing that foules other mens Napkins: towſeth other Mens Sheets, flatters all he feares, contemns all he needs not, ſterves all that ſerve him, and undoes all that truſt him. Doſt ask me mony, as I am a Gallant of faſhion, I do thee Curteſie, I beat thee not.

Cra. I lent it you on your ſingle word.

Ruff. Tis pittie but thou ſhouldeſt looſe thy Freedom for it: you Tradeſmen have a good Order in your Citty, Not to lend a Gentleman money without a Cittizen bound with him: But you forſooth ſcorne Orders! By this light, tis pitty thou looſeſt not thy Freedome for it. VVell, when I am fluſh, thou ſhalt feel from mee, Farewell. Prithee learne to have ſome witt. A handſome ſtreight young fellow, grown into a pretty Bear, with a proper bodyed VVoman to his VVife, and cannot beare a Braine! Farewell. Doſt heare? Be rul'd by me, Get money, do, Get money and keep it; wouldſt thrive? Be rather a knave then a Fool. How much doſt ſay I ow thee?

Cra. Fifty pound.

Ruff. Thou art in my Debt. I have given the Counſell worth threeskore, Dog-cheap, well I'll rent the odde mony. *Exit.*

Lin. Strange mad fellows theſe ſame, Mr. *Craſie*, me thinks to deale withall.

Cra. You are right Mr. *Linſie wolſie.* I would my Genius had directed me, to deale alwayes with ſuch honeſt

honeſt neighbourly men as your ſelfe. I hope you will not deny me a Curteſie.

Linſ. Not I, I proteſt, what is it?

Cra. You took once a Jewell of me, which you ſold for thirty pound, for which I have your Bond for ſixty, at your day of mariage. If you will now, becauſe I want preſent money, give me but twenty pound, I'll acquit you.

Lin. My good friend Mr. *Craſie*, I have no tricks and Jerks to come over you, as the witty Gentleman had ere while: But I know a plaine bargaine is a plaine bargaine: and wit is never good till it be bought. If twentie pound will pleaſure you, upon good ſecurity I will procure it you. A hundred if you pleaſe, do you mark Mr. *Craſie*? On good ſecurity. Otherwiſe you muſt pardon me, Mr. *Craſie*. I am a poore Tradeſman Mr. *Craſie*, keep both a Linnen and a VVollen Drapers ſhop, Mr. *Craſie*, according to my name, Mr. *Craſie*, and would be loth to lend my money, Mr. *Craſie*, to be laught at among my Neighbours, Mr. *Craſie*, as you are Mr. *Craſie*. And ſo fare you wel, Mr. *Craſie*.

Exit.

Cra. Is this the end of unſuſpicious Freeneſſe?
Are open hands of Chearfull Pietie,
A helpfull bounty, and moſt eaſie Goodneſſe,
Rewarded thus?
Is, to be honeſt, term'd to be a fool?
Reſpect it Heaven. Beare up ſtill merry heart.
Droop not: But ſcorne the worlds unjuſt deſpiſing.
Who through Goodneſſe ſinks, his fall's his Riſing.

Enter Jeremy.

O Maſter, Maſter, upon my knowledge, my Miſtres is forced ſince your departure to be

Cra. What *Jeremy*?

Jer. Honeſt Sir. Get up your Debts as faſt as you can abroad: For on my underſtanding (which great *Iove* knowes is but little) ſhee will take up more then your due at home eaſily.

Cra. Boy. Didſt never obſerve at the Court gate, that the Lord was no ſooner off from his Horſe-back but the Lackey got up into the Saddle and rode home?

Jer. Yes Sir, tis common.

Cra. I ſcorne not my Betters Fortune. And what is not my ſinne, ſhall never be my ſhame.

Jer. Introth I was faine to make my ſelfe an Aſſe, or elſe I had been tempted to have been a knave.

Cra. Boy, thou art now my Prentice. From hence be free. Poverty ſhall ſerve it ſelfe. Yet do one thing for me.

Jer. If it be in the power of my poore Sconce.

Car. If ever it be in thy poſſible ability, wrong all Men, uſe thy wit, to abuſe all things, that have but ſence of wrong: For without mercie, all men have injur'd thy miſtruſtles Maſter, Milk'd my thoughts from my heart, and money from my Purſe, and, laſt, laught at my Credulity. Cheat, choſen, live by thy Wits: Tis moſt manly, therefore moſt noble. Horſes get their living by their Backs, Oxen by their necks, Swine and Women by their Fleſh, Only man by his Braine. In briefe be a knave and proſper: For honeſty has beggerd me.

Jer. Farewell Maſter. And if I put tricks upon ſome of them, let the end of the Comedie demonſtrate.

Exit.

Cra. I am reſolv'd I will revenge. I never provok'd my braine yet. But now if I clap not fire in the tayles of ſome of theſe Samſons Foxes—— ſeems my defect of Fortune want of wit? Noe.

The

The ſenſe of our ſlight ſports confeſſ'd ſhall have,
That any may be rich, will be a knave.

ACT. II. *Scene* I.

Sarpego, Tobias.

A Purſe

Sar. EGregious and moſt great of Expectation, my right dignified and truly *Ciceronian Pupill*, now that I have brought you into the Amœne fields with my ready thankfullneſſe for the loane of this ten pound, I commit you to the grace of Court.

Tob. I ſhall expect that money ſhortly. Care to ſend it; For I purchaſ'd my place at a rack'd recompence.

Sar. Your *Sarpego* is no ſlipperie Companion. You know I am to marry, and this money ſhall provide me Complements.

Sis bonus ofælixque tuis. I pede fausto.

Exit Tob.

Enter Craſy like a lame Souldier.

Cra. Belov'd of *Phœbus*, Minion of the Muſes, deare Water Bayley of *Helicon*, let it not be diſtaſtfull to thy Divine eares, to receive the humble Petition of a poore Creature, made miſerable by the policie of Providence. That thy rare and abſolute Munificence might ſupply what fortune had left defective: I kiſſe thy learned toes.

Sar. I tell thee, by the Axiomes of the Peripatetical *Ariſtotle*, thou art a Monſter. My reward shall be therefore like thy ſelfe, monſtrouſly lame. This is a figure in Eloquution call'd *Apoxegeſis.*

Cra. I am not fed with Figures Sir.

Sar. You are an idle vagabond, and lye in wait for the blood of the learned. Labour, and live.

Cra. Right eloquent and well-phraſed Sir, my education has been liberall. I ſometimes fed my flock on horned Parnaſſus: But my wants forc'd me to my Sword. *He ſhews his blade halfe way.*

Sar. You did peradventure ſip on the top of Science, *Primoribus labijs*, or ſo, but did not convert it in *Succum & ſanguinem.*

Cra. That I may ever remaine a true man---Extend. *He drawes.* The Sun, Moon and the ſeven Planets are my invoked witneſſes, I ſhould be grieved, that neceſſity ſhould make me grow violent on ſo adored, adorned Grammaticall Diſciplinary——Be gracious in Contribution ---Sir——

Sar. I will give thee an infinite treaſure. *Sis integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus. Vale* poore Rogue.

Cra. Sir, this Sword can bite——But, I know you had rather give it freely out of your own Proclivitie.

Sar. Yes I proteſt, as I am Erudite. Here dreadfull *Mavortian*, the poor price of a Dinner.

Car. If I might in modeſty importune the poore price of a Supper too.

Sar. I do ſpeak it in the Optative Mood, I do wish it lay in the modell of my Fortune to give harbour to your shaken ſtate, yet receive this with appeaſed clutch.

Cra. If I might not ſeem audacious even to impudence, I poore Freshman in Literature, would implore of

of your well-ſalted, & beſt ſeaſon'd vertue, ſome larger allowance to ſupply my defects of Rayment, Books, and other neceſſaries: which magnificence ſhall ever intitle you, my moſt bountcous *Mecænas*. Be induc'd to it Sir. *Flouriſh Sword over him.*

Sar: Yes, yes, yes, that you may know how deare you are to me; Know this is more then uſuall largeſſe ——for *non omnibus dormio*——There's a Figure too.

Cra. O yes Sir, I underſtand this Figure too very well. Now deare *Mecenas*, let me implore a Purſe to incloſe theſe Monyes in——Nay if you impart not with a chearfull forhead, Sir *Sword againe.*

Sar. Væ miſero mihi ! ſweet Purſe adieu. *Iterum iterumque vale.*

Cra. May you be importun'd to do it, Sir. *Sword.*

Sar. You ſhall have it inſtantly. I will only deprome, or take out a little ſtuffing firſt.

Cra. Tis no matter. As it is, As it is, good Sir, as it is. Jle accept it as it is. Moſt fragrant-phraſed Maſter, ſuffer thy ſelfe to be intreated. Doe——*Sword.*

Sar. You have moſt powerfully perſwaded : Take it.

Cra. Moſt exorbitantly bounteous *Mecenas*, you have given me all this, have you not ?

Sar. Yes, yes, and you have taken all that, have you not ?

Cra. Yes, yes, but as your gift. *Iove* bleſſe thy browes, and make cleer thy Phiſnomy. *Vale.* Your learned Worſhip ſtincks.

Sar. Now Barbariſme, Incongruity, and falſe Orthography ſhame thee; The curſe of *Priſcian* take thee. All the parts of ſpeech *Craſie falls back.*

defie

defie thee. All the Interjections of ſorrow, as *Heu hei*, of Shunning, as *Apage*; of Diſdaining, as *Hem vah*; of Scorning, as *Hui*; of Exclaiming, as *Proh Deum atque hominum fidem* take thee. My deare Pupils lendings haſt thou lewdly lick'd away: And ſorrowfull *Sarpego* is lick'd dry. There's a figure left yet! But ô thou Caſtalion Traytor, Pick-purſe of *Parnaſſus*, and Hang-man of Helicon: *Dives* thirſt in thy Throat; *Ixions* wheel on thy back; *Tantalus* hunger in thy guts; and *Siſyphus* ſtone in thy Bladder. *Exit.*

Cra. O fearfull curſe! Well; I haye given my firſt pinch, and a little ſcratch'd my Goat-bearded Grammarian, that Broke jeſts on my uncunning eaſineſs. But he with the reſt ſhall feele, that modeſt Simplicity is not alwayes a defect of wit, but will: What my willing honeſty hath ſeem'd to looſe, my affected deceits ſhall recover. I'le rid 'em one after another, like Guts, till they ſhall ſtink worſe then Jewes.

And they ſhall find with moſt aſhamed eyes,
The honeſt Breaſt lives only rich and wiſe.

Exit.

ACT.

ACT. II. Scene 2.

Josina, Bridget.

Jos. Bridget.

Bri. Here forsooth.

Jos. Bridget, I say.

Bri. Here, Lady.

Jos. That's comfortably spoken! Nay blush not: We women can never have too much given us. And Madame *Josina* would sound well.

Bri. Yes indeed, Madame *Josina Crasie.*

Jos. No; not *Crasie*; hang *Crasie*: *Crasie* is my Husbands name. I wonder why Women must be called by their Husbands names, I.

Bri. O, they must forsooth.

Jos. And why not men by their Wives?

Bri. Marrie forsooth, because that Men, when they marry, become but halfe men: And the other half goes to their Wives. And therefore she is called Woman; where before she was call'd but Mayd.

Jos. Is a married Man but halfe a Man? what is his other halfe then?

Bri. Truly, oftentimes, Beast. Which part the wife gives to boot, in exchange of her name. *One knocks.*

Jos. Heark, some body knocks; goe see. What should any body knock at my Garden door for? I doe not use to be visited in my Garden.

Bri. Yonders a Gentleman craves admittance to converse with you.

Jos. I'le converse with no Gentleman. What have I to do with Gentlemen?

Bri.

Bri. A fair-ſpoken, comely, modeſt Gentleman he is.

Ioſ. Is he ſo? I'le ſpeak with no modeſt Gentleman: You were beſt be his Bawd. But are you ſure he is a true Gentleman? does he weare clean Linnen, and lack Money?

Bri. Here he comes forſooth.

Enter *Craſy, like a Phyſitian.*

Ioſ. He is very confident, and forward, me thinks.

Cra. Exquiſite; very Elixir of Beauty, vouchſafe to receive the tender of my Faith to you; which I proteſt is zealouſly devoted to your particular ſervice.

Ioſ. You may ſpeak lowder Sir: for I aſſure you, my Mayd is very thick of hearing, and exceeding weake ſighted.

Cra. Then, Lady, let it be ſpoken in bold phraſe, I love you.

Ioſ. I thank you Sir. How ſhould I ſtile you, pray?

Cra. My name is *Pulſe-feel*: A poor Doctor of Phyſick, that weares three-pile velvet in his Cap; has paid a quarters rent of his houſe afore-hand; and as meanly as he ſtands here, was made Doctor beyond the Seas. I vow (as I am right Worſhipfull) the taking of my Degree coſt me twelve French crowns, and five and thirty pound of ſalt Butter in upper *Germany*. I can make your beauty, and preſerve it; Rectifie your Body, and maintain it; perfume your skin; tinct your haire; enliven your Eye; Heighten your Appetite. As for Gellies, Dentifrices, Diets, Minerall Fucuſſes, Pomatums, Fumes, Italian Masks to ſleep in, either to moyſten, or

dry

dry the Superficies of your face; paugh, *Gallen* was a Gooſe, and *Paracelſus* a Patch to Doctor *Pulſe-feel*. Make me then happy, deare ſweeting, in your private favours: The which I vow with as much ſecrefie, conſtancie and Reſolution, to preſerve, as you, with Bounty, ſweetneſſe and Freenes ſhall impart.

Ioſ. I proteſt you ſpeak very farre within me; I reſpect you moſt affectionatly.

Cra. Then Ile attend you at your Chamber: where the beſt pleaſure, youth, *Cupid* can miniſter ſhall entertaine you.

Ioſ. Entertain me with pleaſure? what pleaſure I pray you?

Cra. Nothing but kiſſe you Lady, and ſo forth.

Ioſ. Well, for kiſſing and ſo forth, I care not;
But look for no diſhoneſty at my hands, I charge you.

Cra. I will be provident.

Ioſ. And honeſt, I beſeech you: And ſecret, and reſolute, I adviſe you.

Cra. Good.

Ioſ. And very chaſt I command you. But a kiſſe, and ſo forth.

Cra. I underſtand you. This be my pledg of faith.

Kiſſe.

Ioſ. And this of mine. ——The thought of me reſt with you. And heare you Doctor; I prithee procure me ſome young Fellow, that can write: For I am ſo troubled with Letters, that I neither read nor anſwer——

Cra. Rely upon me. I can fit you rarely. I know a well qualified fellow, that danceth rarely, playes on di-

vers

vers Inſtruments, and withall is cloſe.

Ioſ. I marry, Cloſe! Pray let me have him. Kiſſe and adiew. *Exit.*

Cra. I will maintain it. He only, that knows it, permits, and procures it, is truly a Cuckold. Some fellow would be divorc'd now. *Craſie*, ſpeak; wilt be divorc'd? why, what and I were? why then thou art an Aſſe, *Craſie.* Why Sir? why Sir! why prithee tell me, what would thy Divorce hurt her? It would but give her more liberty. Shee ſhould have bounteous Cuſtomers; Gallants, that would hoiſt her tires, beſtow deep on her. And ſhe ſhould be paid for't. You ſpeak ſomewhat to the matter Sir. Nay *Craſie*, believe it, though ſhe be not a very modeſt woman for a Wife, thou mayſt force her to be a reaſonable private wench for a Whore. Say you ſo? Birlady, and I'le take your Counſell. 'Tis a pretty Drabb. I know not where to compaſſe ſuch another? troth Sir, I'le follow your advice.

And, if my hopes prove not extreamly ill,
I'le keep her fleſh chaſt, though againſt her will.

Enter Crack ſinging.

Crac. *He tooke her by the middle ſo ſmall*
And laid her on the Plain:
And when he had his will on her,
He tooke her up againe.

And what was ſhe then the worſe for wearing? Can you tell Mr. Doctor?

Craſ. What art thou?

Crac. One Sir (I dare tell you in private) that can conduct you to a more lovely Creature, then her you laſt courted.

Craſ. A

Craſ. A young Pimpe, a very ſucking-pig Pimpe! What an Age is this, when children play at ſuch great game! So young, ſo forward!

Crac. Sings.

The young and the old mun too't, mun too't,
The young and the old mun to it;
The young ones will learn to do't, to do't,
And the Old forget not to do it.

Craſ. This Infant piece of Impudence amazes me. Prithee what art thou? or whom doſt thou ſerve, or broke for.

Crac. As delicate a piece of Woman-fleſh as ever Mortall laid lip to. O ſhe is all *Venus!* And, to come cloſe to you, ſhee wants a Phyſician. You are one I take it: I am a foole elſe.

Cras. I am catch'd? This habite will betray me. What is ſhee, I ſay.

Crac. Sings.

O ſhe is, ſhe is a matchleſſe piece,
Though all the world may wooe her;
Nor golden ſhowre, nor golden fleece,
Is price enough to do her.

Cras. For what wants ſhe a Phyſitian?

Crac. For what you pleaſe, when you come to her. Sir, upon my life, ſhee's free from any Diſeaſe, but the Counterfeits. Will you know all Sir? ſhe wants a wiſe mans counſell to aſſiſt her in getting a Husband. I take hold of you for that wiſe man, ſhee relyes upon my Election. Will you go Sir? Tis in an exceeding civill houſe

house; a precise one, indeed. Know you not Mr. *Linsey Woolsey*?

Craf. Not at his house?

Crac. Pardon me Sir. At his very house. All the wise wenches i'the Town will thwack to such Sanctuaries, when the times are troublesome, and Troopers trace the streets in terror.

Craf. Prithee, what call'st thy Mistres?

Crac. There she lies Sir, by the name of Mistresse *Tryman*; a rich young Cornish Widdow; though she was borne in *Clearken-well*; and was never halfe a dayes Journey from *Bride well* in her life. Her Father was a Pinn-maker——Sings.

Along along, where the Gallants throng
By twenties, away the Widow to carry:
But let them tarry: For shee will carry
Twenty, before that one she will Marry.

Will you along Sir?

Craf. Tis but a weak ingagement: yet Ile goe; Needlesse are feares, where Fortunes are so low.

Exeunt.

ACT II. *Scene* II.

Enter Ticket and Rufflit.

Tic. A Widdow! what is shee? or of whence?

Ruff. A lustie young wench, they say: A Cornish Girle; able to wrastle downe stronger Chines then any of ours.

Tic. But how is she purs'd, *Jack*? Is she strong that way?

Ruff.

Ruff. Prettie well for a younger Brother; worth 7 or 8 thousand pound.

Tic. How man!

Ruff. You are a married man, and cannot Rivall me; I would not else be so open to you.

Tic. I sweare Ile help thee all I can. How didst find her out?

Ruff. I have intelligence, that never failes me, shee came to town neither but very lately; and lodg'd at Mr. *Wolseys.*

Tic. Who, *Linsy wolsie*, the Hermaphroditicall Draper! That's a precious Nott-headed Rascall. Hee'll goe neare to ayme at her himselfe.

Ruff. Like enough. He may aime at her: But shee will be hit by none but a Gentleman, that I heare too. Oh shee has a fierce Ambition to a Ladyship, though her late Husband was a Tanner.

Tic. A Tanner, well *Jack*, take heed how thou ventur'st on her to make her a Gentlewoman: She will kill thee at her Husbands occupation before thou wilt be able to make her Hide gentle. Thou wilt find a tough peece of Curriers work on her. Look who here is.

Enter Toby, and Linsey Wolsie.

Lin. Truly Mr. *Toby Sneakup*, me thinks I find an alteration in my selfe already.

Tob. Nay, I told you; would you but give your Mind to it, you would be a Gentleman quickly.

Tic. How's this? let's stand aside alittle.

Ruff. Sure, hee's about to turne himselfe into a Gentleman to winne to the Widdow!

Tic. And what a Tutor he has pickt out to instruct him!

Lin. Me thinks I love the name of a Gentleman a great deale better then I did.

Tob. But could you find in your heart to lend a Gentleman a ſcore of Angells, Mr. *Wolſey*, on his word?

Lin. Uhm ——It is not gone ſo farre upon me yet.

Tob. Oh, but it muſt though, I know it. A Cittizen can never be a Gentleman, till he has lent all, or almoſt all his money to Gentlemen. What a while it was ere the rich Joyners ſon was a Gentleman? when I my ſelfe was a Gentleman firſt, my mony did ſo burne in my Pockets, that it coſt me all that ever I had, or could borrow, or ſteal from my Mother.

Lin. But Mr. *Toby*, a man may be a Countrey Gentleman, and keep his money, may he not?

Tob. You ſee Sir, This Widdow is remov'd from the Countrey into the City, to avoyd the multiplicity of Country Gentlemen that were here ſuitors. Nay you muſt be a Citty Gallant; or a Courtier.

Lin. I ſee no Courtiers, but are more apt to borrow, then to lend.

Tob. I, thoſe that were born, or bred Courtiers I grant you, But to come to't at your yeares ——

Lin. I can the ſooner learne. Your Courtier Sir, I pray.

Tob. Ile tell you in a breife character was taught me. Speake nothing that you mean, performe nothing that you promiſe, pay nothing that you owe, flatter all above you, ſcorne all beneath you, deprave all in private, praiſe all in publike; keepe no truth in your mouth, no faith in your heart; no health in your bones, no freindſhip in your mind, no modeſty in your eyes, no Religion in your conſcience; but eſpecially, no Money in your Purſe.

Lin. O that Article ſpoyles all.

Tob.

Tob. If you do, take heed of ſpending it on any thing but Panders, Puncks, and Fidlers; for that were moſt unfaſhionable.

Lin. I thank you Sir, for your Courtly and Gentlemanlike inſtructions, and wiſh you grace to follow them: I have ſeen too fearfull an example lately in my neighbour *Craſy*, whoſe ſteps I liſt not trace; nor lend my Money to be laught at among my Neighbours. Fare you well Sir. ——

Tob. Ha ha ha.

Ruff. Mr. *Wolſie!* Well met. How does your faire Gueſt at home, Mrs. *Tryman?* *Ticket talks aſide with Toby.*

Lin. How ſhould he come to the knowledge of her? Some of theſe Gallants will ſnatch her up, if I prevent not ſpeedily.

Ruff. Why ſpeak you not Mr. *Wolſie*? How does the Widow?

Lin. Truly not well Sir. Whether it be wearineſſe of her journey, change of ayre, or dyet, or what I know not; ſomething has diſtemperd her.

Ruff. Or Love, perhaps of you Mr. *Wolſie.*

Lin. Me? Alaſſe, I look like no ſuch Gentleman.

Ruff. You may in a ſhort time. *They two go aſide:* Harke hither Mr. *Wolſie.*

Tic. We overheard you man: And I gueſt as much before.

Tob. Tis very true Sir, ſhee is worth nine thouſand pound: But marry ſhe will not but a Gentleman: And I think I have beat him off o'th condition, I have put him off o' that ſcent for ever, with a falſe character, Heaven and the Court forgive me.

Tic. Thou haſt in troth Boy: And on purpoſe to have her thy ſelfe, I perceive it.

Tob. He does not. He's an Aſſe.

Tic. Well, if I were a Batchelor, I ſhould envy thy wit, and thy fortune. Is ſhe very handſome?

Tob. So ſo: You ſhall ſee wee'll make a ſhift with her.

Ruff. Mr. *Wolſie.* I would you had her with all my heart; you ſhall not want my good word and beſt wiſhes.

Lin. Do you ſpeak this in earneſt Sir, or as you are a Courtier:

Ruff. In earneſt I, and as I am a Gentleman.

Lin. Then in earneſt, and as I am an honeſt man, I do not beleeve you. Mr. *Toby Sneakup* has told me what Gentlemen and Courtiers are, too lately.

Ruff. Mr. *Sneakup*, well met.

Tob. Good Mr. *Rufflit.*

Enter Crack *ſinging.*

Now faire Mayds lay downe my Bed,
And draw the Curtaines round:
Tell the World that I am dead,
And who hath given the wound,
Ah me poor Soul!
Alack for love I dye,
Then to the Sexton hie,
And cauſe the Bell to towle.

Crac. O here he is! Mr. *Wolſie*, indeed my Maſter *Wolſie*, if ever you will ſee my Miſtres your Sweetheart alive, you muſt goe home preſently.

Lin. My Sweetheart!

Crac. I thinke ſhee is; and that in death ſhe will be ſo. I ſpeak by what ſhe ſayes, and others think.

Tob. Tis the Widows Boy,

Lin. Is ſhe ſicker then ſhe was.

Crac.

Crac. O shee is even ſpeechleſſe, and calls for you exceedingly. I fetcht a Doctor to her, and he can do her no good. Maſter *Sarpego* has made her Will and all.

Lin. Has shee given me any thing?

Crac. Quickly goe and ſee Sir, you will come too late elſe, I am going to get the Bell to towle for her.

Lin. Fare ye well Gentlemen.

Tob. Tic. Ruff. Nay, wee'll along with you.

Crac. Sing. *Exeunt.*

Did never truer heart
Out of the World depart,
Or cauſe the Bel to towle. *Exit.*

ACT. III. *Scene* I.

Enter in the Tryman, attended by Iſabell, Jone, Craſy, *with an Urinall.*

Iſa. LOok up Miſtres.

Jo. Take a good heart, the worſt is paſt, feare not.

Try. Ah ah, ah.

Iſa. Reach the Bottle againe of Doctor *Stephens* water.

Cra. No no, apply more warme cloaths to her ſtomack, there the matter lyes which ſends this diſtemperature into her braine. Be of good cheer Gentlewoman.

Try. Is Mr *Wolſie* there?

Iſa. Nothing but Mr. *Wolſie* ever in her mouth.

Jo. Pray Sir, how do you like her? I am much affraid of her.

Craſ. Let me ſee, to night it will be full Moon. And ſhe ſcape the turning of the next Tyde, I will give her a gentle Vomit in the morning, that ſhall eaſe her ſtomack of this conflux of venomous humours, and make her able to ſit a hunting Nag within this ſennight.

Jo. A rare man ſure. And, I warrant, well ſeen in a Woman.

Try. Uh, uh, uh, uh. *Cough and ſpit.*

Craſ. Well ſayd, ſpit out gently, ſtraine not your ſelfe too hard.

Try. Agh —— fagh.

Craſ. Tis very well done. La' you. Her colour begins to come. Ile lay all my skill to a meſſe of *Tewksbury* Muſtard, ſhee ſneezes thrice within theſe three houres ——

Enter Linſy-Wolſie.

Lin. Good Sir want nothing, that your skill ſhall approve neceſſary in this time of need. Good Wives and kinde Neighbours, I thanke you for your cares.

Try. Is Mr. *Wolſie* there?

Iſa. She does nothing but call for you Sir, pray ſpeak to her.

Try. Where's Mr. *Wolſie.*

Lin. Here Lady. How do you?

Try. Then I am even well me thinks -- agh -- agh --

Lin. Shee's very farr gone I feare, how do you find her diſeaſe Sir?

Craſ. Dangerous enough Sir. For ſhee is ſicker in minde then in body. For I finde moſt plainely the effects of a deep melancholly, falne through her diſtemperature of paſſion upon her Liver; much diſordering, and withall waſting the vitals, leaving ſcarce matter for Phyſick to worke on. So that her minde receiving the

the firſt hurt, muſt receive the firſt cure.

Try. Agh agh ah —— pagh fagh —— *Cough up in a Baſon*

Craſ. So ſo: Straine not your ſelfe too hard. No hurt; ſo ſo.

Here's melancholly and choller both in plenty.

Jo. He ſpeaks with great reaſon, me thinks, and to the purpoſe, I would I underſtood him.

Craſ. Do you not know, Sir, any that has offended her by open injury, or unkindneſſe?

Lin. Alas Sir, no ſuch thing could happen ſince her coming hither.

Craſ. Then, on my life, tis Love that afflicts her.

Try. Oh oh uh oh ——

Craſ. I have toucht her to the quick. I have found her diſeaſe, and that you may prove the abler Doctor in this extremity.

Lin. Who I? Alas I beleeve no ſuch matter.

Try. Mr. *Wolſie*, Mr. *Wolſie*.

Craſ. Here he is Lady. Pray ſpeak your minde to him. Muſt I pull you to her? Here he is. What do you ſay to him? Pray ſpeak.

Try. Oh no, no no no ——

Craſ. She hath ſomething troubles her that concernes onely you. Pray take her by the hand, do as I intreat you. Lady we will go, and leave you in private awhile, if you pleaſe.

Try. Pray do. O but do not, pray do not.

Craſ. Do you perceive nothing in this paſſion of hers?

How does ſhe feel your hand?

Lin. O, ſhe does ſo quiddle it, ſhake it, and gripe it!

Craſ. You are then the man Sir, the happy man. For ſhe ſhall recover ſuddenly.

Lin. Who I? Alack a day.

Try. What will you have me dye inteſtate. Is not my Will made, as I directed?

Io. Where are you *Mr. Sarpego*, with the Will.

Enter Sarpego, Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.

Sar. Ad manum. Sweet Buds of Generoſity, forbeare: you may *Admirare*, at the abundance here ſpecified: But not find a Legacie bequeath'd among you. *A Will.*

Tic. We expect nothing.

Ruff. I only wiſh your health, Lady; and that it may, or might have been my happineſs to ſue to you for Love; as I do now to the higheſt power for Life.

Tob. Would I were married to her, as ſhee is; and twere but for an hower, I car'd not. Had my mother been but acquainted with her, before ſhee fell ſick, here had been a match!

Sar. O Dij immortales! A rich Widdow ſhall have Suiters on her Death-bed.

Try. Good Sir, It is too late to ſpeak To of theſe things. I only crave and wish *Ruff.* your prayers in your abſence: This place can yield no pleaſure to you I know. *Mr. Wolſey*, pray your hand againe: I could be even content to live me thinks, if I had but ſuch a man as you to my Huh, uh, uh, uh.—— *Shee Coughes.*

Craſ. By your leave. Pray by your leave. Help Women. Beare up her Body a little. Bow it forwards. So, ſpeak to her, Sr. Good Lady drink of this Cordyal. *She drinckes.*

Lin How do you now forſooth?

Craſ., What now shee is drinking —— Now ſpeake Sir, you or no man muſt do her good.

Lin. How do you forſooth?

Craſ. Well

Craſ. Well ſaid Sir, ſpeak chearfully to her.

Lin. How dee doe? how dee doe, Miſtris *Tryman* How iſt now, ha?

Tic. Very comfortably ſpoken!

Ruff. I, was it not?

Lin. Alas ſhee cannot ſpeak. I'll call my Neighbour Miſtres *Sneakup*. If any body can make her ſpeak, 'tis ſhee.

Tob. I'll call my Mother for you. Shee will make her ſpeak, if ſhee have but a word left in her belly ——Maſſe here ſhee comes.

Enter Pyannet and Ioſina.

Py. How comes it Mr. *Wolſey*, that you have a Gentlewoman ſick in your houſe, and not ſend for me? Let me feel her hand. Alaſſe ſhe is ſhrewdly diſtemper'd. When had ſhee a ſtoole Sir, Prithee Daughter ſtep home to my Cloſet, and bring the Viall of—— my owne Water, which ſtands next to my blew Velvet Cabinet.

Ioſ. That's my Doctor was with me to day *Exit.*

Py. Shee's a young Gentlewoman; may have many Children yet, let me note her eyes: I finde nothing there. When did you ſee her water Mr. Doctor?

Craſ. What Devill ſent this fury among us?

Py. In troth I beſhrew you, Mr. *Wolſey*, you ſent not for me, but I hope I come not too late. Pluck up a Womens heart, you ſhall find a good Neighbour of me.

Try. I will thank you in my Will. I ſhall not live to thank you otherwiſe.

Py. Alas talk not of your will. You ſhall have time enough to think of that many yeares hence.

Craſ. I

Craſ. I tell her ſo, Lady, yet ſhee calls for it ſtill.

Try. Pray let me ſee it, that I may ſigne it. *Uh Uh*——

Py. Lord how my Daughter ſtayes. Good Sir *Andrew Ticket*! worthy Mr. *Rufflit*! My Sonne *Tobias* is highly honor'd in your noble Acquaintance, and Courtly converſation.

Tic. We rather hold our ſelves dignified, in being his indear'd Companions.

Tob. I aſſure you Mother, we are the three of the Court.

Py. I moſt intirely thank you for him. And I do beſeech you make your ſelves no ſtrangers to my poor houſe. Wee are alone; can give but light entertainement, my Daughter and I; ſince my Sonne *Craſies* misfortune drave him from us——

Enter Ioſina with a Viall.

O welcome Daughter ——I beſeech you noble Sirs eſtrange not your ſelves to us, your Servants.

Cra: Pox o'your Complement.

Py. Give me the Viall Daughter. Take up the Lady. Taſt of this. It is a Compoſition of mine owne diſtilling. *Try. drinks.*

Try. Uh, uh, uh, umh——

Py. Well done. Nay it will make you break wind, I tell you.

Ticket and Rufflit Court Ioſina.

Tic. By the ſervice I owe you ſweet Miſtres, tis unfained. My Wife deſires to ſee you.

Ruff. As I can beſt witneſſe; And feares you enjoy not the libertie of a Woman, ſince your Husbands departure

parture. Your Brother having promis'd too, to conduct you to Court.

To. It is confeſt, and I will do it.

Tic. Where the beſt entertainment a poore Ladyes chamber can afford, ſhall expect you.

Ioſ. I ſhall embrace it.

Craſ. Sfoot, tis time to part you—— Miſtres, I beſeech your help, joyn'd with your vertuous Mothers.

He pulls her aſide.

Ioſ. You forget the young man, that can Dance Write, and keep Counſell.

Craſ. I forget you not Lady. But I wiſh you to beware of theſe Courtiers, till I tell you what they are.

Ruff. I'll be hang'd if this Doctor be not of her ſmock-Counſell.

Py. How is it now, good heart?

Try. Much enlightned, I thank Heaven and you. Now, pray, read Sir my *Will.*

Sar. In Dei nomine. Amen.

Tic. O let us heare the Will.

Sar. I *Iane Tryman* of Knockers hole, in the County of *Cornwall*, Widdow, Sick in Body, but whole in Mind, and of perfect memory, do make my laſt Will and Teſtament, in Manner and Forme following.

Craſ. As for the Manner and Forme tis no matter. To the Legacies, briefly.

Sar. Hum hum. *Imprimis*, A Dole of Bread to be given to the Poore of this Parish—— five pound.

Try. Stay. This I intreat of you *Mr. Wolſey*, that whether I live or dye, this Dole may be given to morrow. It was the Charge of my Mother to ſee it done; Saying, it was better to take the Prayers of the Poore with me, then leave them to be ſent after.

Lin. It ſhall be done: and you, I hope, ſhall ſee it.

Sar. To Mr. *Sarpego*, the Writer hereof, A Mourning

ing Gown, and forty pound, to Preach at the Funerall.

Lin. How! forty pound?

Sar. *Di boni!* No. Tis forty shillings. *Item* to my Nephew, Sir *Marmaduke Trevaughan* of St. *Minever*, one thousand pound in Gold. *Item* to my Nephew Mr. *Francis Trepton*, one thousand pound in Gold. *Item* to my Kinsman, Sir *Stephen Leggleden*, I do forgive two thousand pound, for which his Lands are Mortgaged to me. *Item* to his Daughter, my God-daughter *Iane Leggleden*, five hundred pound in money; my best Bason and Ewer; two silver Flaggon Pots, and three silver and gilt standing Cups. *Item* to the poore of the Parish of *Knockers-hole*, ten pound, and forty pound towards the reparation of their Church. *Item* to Mr. *Linsey wolsey* the Ring, which was my Wedding Ring, and fifty other Rings, with severall stones in my Trunck, in his house, valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. *Item* to all his servants, and to the Women that attended me in my sickneſſe, five pound a piece.

Jone. Now the Lord receive her to his mercy.

Isa My Legacy will save her life; for never any body dyed yet, that bequeathed me any thing.

Sar. *Item*, to my Page *Jeffery Crack* forty pound. And all my other Servants ten pound a peice. *Item* to my Neece *Barbara Tredrite* five hundred pound; my second Bason and Ewer, a dozen of silver Dishes, and four dozen of silver Spoones. Lastly, all the rest of my Lands, Jewels, Plate, Money, Debts, Moveables and Unmoveables, to my dear and loving Brother, Sir *Gregory Flamsted*, whom I make my full Executor. *In cujus rei testimonium, &c.* This is the briefe of it.

Try. Tis well. Onely add to it --- *Oh* --- A Gold Chaine also in my Trunk to this vertuous Gentlewo-

Man

man. And another Chaine, that is there of Pearle, to her Daughter. To this learned Doctor twenty pound. And to the Gentlemen which have visited me, for them and their freinds an hundred pound to be spent in a Banckquet.

Sar. Hoc nihil refert. I must write all over againe then.

Try. Do so then. And make your forty shillings five pound.

Sar. Gratias vel ingentes ago. It shall be done —

Exit.

Try. Now Mr. *Wolfie*, and your vertuous Neighbour here, I intreat, that when I have signed this Will, that you keep it til my Brother comes to Town. This Doctor shall direct you in all. And that he may be the better able so to do, I desire you all that I may a while be private with him.

Omnes. With all our hearts. *Exeunt omnes præter Craſy, Tryman.*

Try. Are they all gone? Now Mr. Doctor, what think you of the sick Widow? Has she done her part hitherto?

Craſ. Beyond my expectation! Better then I for a Doctor.

Try. You are right. And I am even the same for a Widow as you for a Doctor. Do not I know you? Yes good Mr. *Craſy*. I dare trust you, because you must trust me. Therefore know, that I the rich Widow am no better, then a Lady that must live by what I beare about me. The vulgar translation you know, but let them speak their pleasure, I have no Lands, and since I am borne, must be kept, I may make the best of my owne, and if one member maintaine the whole body, what's that to any one?

Craſ. I collected as much by your young Whiskin that brought me hither.

Try. It

Try. It was by my direction that he did ſo. And, by my Inſtructions, he has had an Eye upon you in all your diſguiſes ever ſince your pretended Journey out of Towne. Nay ſtartle not, nor muſe at my acquaintance with you: I have had you in my Purlews, before you were a Freeman: And will hereafter give you certaine tokens of it. In the mean time, if you comply with me, you can be no looſer by it. I am grown weary of my old courſe; and would faine, by wiſer, do my ſelfe good, before Age or Diſeaſes make it too late.

Cra. I will work cloſe and friendly with thee. Therefore ſay, this rich Cockſcombe is thine owne. O here comes your Pigg-wiggen.

Try. He is of Counſell, and one of us. He is indeed my Brother, and has been one of the true blew Boyes of the Hoſpitall; one of the ſweet ſingers to the City Funeralls with a two penny loafe under his arme.

Crac. Well: He never ſung to the wheele in Saint *Brides* Nunnery yonder.

Try. Nay *Jeff*, be not angry; thou haſt ſung to the Organs I know, till fearing their downfall, thou betookſt thy ſelfe into my more certaine ſervice. All freinds, good *Jeff.*

Craſ. Yes, yes, we muſt all agree, and be linckt in Covenant together.

Crac. By Indenture Tripartite, and't pleaſe you, like *Subtle*, *Doll*, and *Face.*

Craſ. Witty *Jeff.* I cannot ſee which can be ſpar'd from the reſt, leaſt the whole trade break.

Crack ſings.

Then let us be freinds, and moſt freindly agree.
The Pimp and the Punck and the Doctor are three,
That cannot but thrive, when united they be.
The Pimp brings in cuſtome, the Punck ſhee gets treaſure,

Of

Of which the Phyſitian is ſure of his meaſure,
For work that ſhe makes him in ſale of her pleaſure.
For which, when ſhe failes by diſeaſes or paine,
The Doctor new Vamps and upſets her againe.

Craſ. Thou art a brave Lad, and in the high way of preferment.

Crac. Not the high *Holborne* way, I hope Sir.

Craſ. And for you Damſell, as I ſayd before, lay to your ſelfe, the Match is yours.

Try. I mean to ſay, and know it ſhortly. Some three dayes hence all may be compleated. Now draw the Curtaines; and follow your affaires, while I put on my ſick Face againe. *Uh, uh, uh.*

They put in the Bed, and withdraw all.

Exeunt.

ACT. III. *Scene* II.

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. NOw could I Accoſt that Catlinarian Traytor, that defeated me of my ten pound, I have a precogitated Oration ſhould make him ſuſpend himſelfe. But *Abiit, evaſit, erupit.* Or if the rich Widow would have dyed, there had been a ſupply. But ſhe is nearer a Nuptiall, then a Funerall: And hopeleſſe *Sarpego*, that ſhould wed, has not to furniſh him to his intent, *Væ mihi miſero nec Aurum, nec Argent---tum!* Here comes my Beatitude.

Enter

Enter Bridget.

Bri. O, are you here Sir? I was to ſeek you. My old Miſtreſſe would ſpeak with you inſtantly.

Sar. My Legitimate Spouſe, when is our day of conjunction?

Bri. Our day of conjunction? Mary faugh Goodman Fiſte. Our day of conjunction?

Sar. Did you not once vow you did love me?

Bri. Did not you once ſwear you had money?

Sar. *Hic jacet*, I am now but a dead man.

Enter Pyannet, Sneakup, Craſie ---- like a Court-Meſſenger.

Py. O where's Mr. *Sarpego?* Fortunate Mr. *Sarpego?* Venerable Mr. *Sarpego?* O Sir, you are made. Never thinke under right worſhipfull. Imagine nothing beneath Damaſque Gownes, Velvet Jackets, Satten Sleeves, Silk Nightcaps, two Pages and a Footcloth.

Sar. The Son of *Phœbus* rectifie your Brain-pan.

Sne. Indeed, and't ſhall pleaſe your Worſhip, it is ——

Py. It is! What is it? You will be ſpeaking, will you? And your Wife in preſence, will you? you ſhew your bringing up. Maſter *Sarpego*, bleſſe the time that ever you knew the Progeny of the *Sneakups*: my worſhipfull Son and Heire apparent hath preferred you to be the young Prince his Tutor. Here's *Mr. Holywater*, a Gentleman; of place, a Courtier; of Office, is ſent for you.

Craſ. Right fortunately-learned Sir. So paſſionately doth his Grace approve the Language, Literature, and Haviour of your ſometimes Pupill, *Maſter Tobias Sneakup.*

Sar. Umh.

Craſ. That I was, with all expedition, commanded to intreat your inſtant Attendance.

Sar

Sar. Umh Umh——

Craſ. 'Tis even ſo Sir; You are like to poſſeſs a Princes eare; you may be in place, where you may ſcorn your foes; countenance your friends; cheriſh vertue, controule vice, and deſpiſe fortune: Yes ſure ſhall you Sir. And (which I had almoſt forgot) your old Pupill intreats you to ſend him by me the ten pound he lent you: An od ten pound, that he may be furniſh'd with the more ſeemly Complements to conduct you to his Grace.

Sar. Quid nunc?

Py. Whiſt Mr. *Sarpego.* Let not your poverty be read in your face. Here's ten pieces. Bear it as your own payment: You talk of ten pound for my Son, Sir.

Sar. O, an od driblet. Here, Friend, I uſe not to carry Silver: Convey it in Gold.

Bri. I hope, dear Love, you will not forget your affection to me now.

Sar. Poor Maid, I will prefer thee to ſcratch my head; make my Bed; waſh my Shirt, pick my toes, and evacuate my Chamberpot. I will inſtantly procure mee attire, fitting my fortune, and attend the Grace of Court—— *Exit.*

Bri. Now am I but a dead woman.

Craſ. I am much griev'd for't. It was your ſonnes much labouring, that Mr. *Craſie* was ſent for, to ſell his Grace ſome Jewells: But ſince his fortunes are ſo ſunk that he hides his head, I can but lament his loſſe.

Py. Shall I tell you Sir, (pray you husband ſtand aſide;) My Son-in-Law *Craſie* is not now worth---his very wife. We hop'd he would have prov'd a crafty Merchant, and he prov'd an honeſt man, a Begger (if I chance to ſpeak above your capacity, I pray tell me of

it) And as I said, when I perceiv'd he began to melt, and that every stranger abused him; I, having some wit, fell too, and most cozen'd him my self. I look'd for my daughters good: And so betwixt us, found the trick to get, or steale from him two Jewells of good deep value, being indeed the main of his rest of Fortune. Now Sir, I come to you.

Craf. I, now you come to the point.

Py. Right Sir: For there is no woman, though she use never so many by-words, but yet in the end she will come to the point. Now Sir, I having these Jewells, will send them by my husband. A poor easie weak man, as you see; but very obedient in truth---

Craf. By your husband.

Py. Yes, do you mark? By my husband. But now note my wit: His Grace knows not *Crafie*: My husband, habited like a Citizen, shall take the name of *Crafie* upon him; offer his Jewells to the Prince; you shall present them; praise them and raise them: His Grace payes; my husband returns; and we will share. Do you approve?

Craf. Nay admire.

Py. Away then. No Complement among good wits; but away. Come your ways hither, good man; Put off your hat; Make a leg; Look simply. Why so! Pish, ne're tell me: He will make a rare Citizen. I have Jewells for you to carry to the Prince. *Exit. Craf.*

Sneak. Yes forsooth, I'le carry them.

Py. La! you are so quick! I have charg'd you not to shoot your bolt, before you understand your mark. And you shall carry them like a Citizen; call your self *Crafie*; sell them at my price; and now cast no further. You see the limits of your understanding. Now Sir, how will you bear your self to his Grace?

How

How behave your ſelfe at Court?

Sneak. I hope I am not too wiſe to learne.

Py. Why, that was well ſpoken. Modeſt miſtruſt is the firſt ſtep to knowledge. Remember that ſentence. Now mark. I will inſtruct you: When you come at the Court gate, you may neither knocke nor piſſe. Do you mark? You go through the Hall cover'd; through the great Chamber cover'd; through the Preſence bare; through the Lobby cover'd; through the Privy Chamber bare; through the Privy Lobby cover'd; to the Prince bare.

Sneak. I'le doe't I warrant you. Let me ſee. At the Court gate neither knock nor make water. May not a man break wind?

Py. Umh, yes: but (like the Exchequer payment) ſomewhat abated.

Sneak. Through the great Chamber bare.

Py. Cover'd.

Sneak. Cover'd? Well: Through the Preſence cover'd.

Py. Bare.

Sneak. Bare? I will put all dowe in my Table-book, and con it by the way.

Py. Well thought on. Something he has in him like my husband! But now you come before the brow of Royalty. Now for your carriage there Sir: Suppoſe me the Prince. Come in, and preſent. Here ſits the Prince. There enters the Jeweller. Make your honors. Let me ſee you do it handſomly.

Sneak. Yes, now I come in; make my three legs--- And then----

Py. Kneele.

Sneak. Yes; and ſay--

Py. What?

Sneak. Nay, that I know not.

Py. An't pleaſe your Grace, I have certain Jewells to preſent to your liking.

Sneak. An't pleaſe your Grace, I have certain Jewels to preſent to your liking.

Py. Is this *Craſie*, that had wont to ſerve me with Jewells? It is that honeſt man, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe. That's for M. *Holywater*, the by-flatterer to ſpeak. You are a Cuckoldly Knave, Sirrah, and have often abuſed me with falſe and deceitfull ſtones.

Sneak. My ſtones are right, ſo pleaſe your Excellence.

Py. Why that was well, Very well. I perceive there is a certain infection taken with lying with a woman that hath a good wit. I finde it by my husband. Come, I'le diſguiſe you, and away to Court inſtantly.

Sneak. Truly wife, I fear I ſhall be diſcover'd among the Gallants preſently.

Py. No, no, A fool is never diſcover'd among madmen. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. *Scene* III.

Enter *Iryman*, *Craſy*.

Craſy in his Court habit.

Craſ. WEll *Dol*, (that thou ſaiſt is thy name) though I had forgotten thee, I proteſt. About *London-wall* was it (ſaiſt thou?) Well, I cannot but highly commend thy wiſdom in this, that ſo well

well haſt mended thy election; from being a fountain of aches, bald brows, and broad plaſters, thus to remember thy Creation.

Try. I did conſider, and I thinke rightly, what I was; and that men that lov'd my uſe, lov'd it but to loath me: Therefore I chang'd my ſelf into this ſhape of a demure, innocent Countrey Widdow, that had ſcarce beauty enough to be tempted, but not wit enough to be naught; and quite forſook the path I trod in, and betook me to this private courſe of cozenage.

Craſ. But all my wonder is at the means, how thou gott'ſt into this houſe and reputation. And to be held a woman of ſuch an eſtate.

Try. That ſhall bee made plaine to you hereafter.

Enter Crack.

Now Brother *Geffrey*, where left you M *Wolſie*?

Crack. Among the Mercers, ſo troubled, as if all the Sattin in *Cheapſide* were not enough to make you a wedding Gowne. He is over-joy'd that his happy day is at hand; and I over-heard him invite one ſpeciall friend to his Nuptialls. He cannot contain himſelf. On a ſudden he fell a ſinging, *O ſhee's a dainty Widdow.* O are you come Sir, in your new ſhape? Dos not that beard fit you handſomly? Thank my acquaintance with the Players.'

Craſ. I thinke thou art acquainted any way, to ſet out knavery.

Crac. If you can perform your part as well, 'tis well. Heark, I hear him coming.

Enter Linſie VVoolſie.

Lin. VVhere are you ſweet Widdow? Look you, Look you: How do you like theſe patterns?

Try. Sir, here's a Gentleman has a Letter to you: He tells me it imports the making, or the undoing of his deareſt friend.

Lin. From whom, I pray you? *Lin.*

Cra. Your ſometimes neighbor Sir, M. *Craſy.* *reads.*

Try. It ſhall take effect, doubt not.

Cra. He ſcratches his head, though.

Try. He had as liefe part with his blood as his money.

Lin. M. *Craſy* writes to me for thirty pound; the value of a Ring I had of him. I grant I am to pay threeſcore at my day of Marriage. But we are all mortall. And who knowes whether I ſhall live till to morrow.

Craſ If not, Sir, your Bond is due to night: For it is equally payable at your hour of death.

Lin. O, but ſuch payments never trouble a man. What the eye ſees not——

Try. Are you in Bonds, M. *Woolſie*, for your day of Marriage?

Lin. Only for this ſixty pound. 'Tis for that Ring you weare, and I gave you upon our Contract. 'Tis worth thirty pound ready mony.

Try. Then when you are married, you may ſay you paid the reſt for your wife. Pray Sir make even ſuch reckonings before you wed. It will ſhew nobly in you towards your poor Creditor, and be a ſpeciall argument of your love to me, your wife. Pray diſcharge it, I ſhall not think you love me elſe.

Heark you Sir, if you will take thirty pound in full payment

payment, and give me in my Bond, here is your mony. 'Tis your beſt courſe. Alas, I am an unlikely fellow for wedlock. What woman, thinke you, would beſtow her ſelf upon me, a ſtale Batchellor, unhandſome and poor--- not worth above ſix or ſeven thouſand pound? Do; take thirty pound. *aſide.*

Craſ. If you pleaſe to befriend Mr. *Craſy* but with thirty pound, Ile ſet it receiv'd upon the Bond. Here it is. And he ſhall demand no more till it be due.

Try. Pray Sir pay it all, and take in your Bond. You ſhall be married within theſe two dayes; to morrow, if you pleaſe: What uſe will your money yeeld you for a night? Pray pay it. In truth I'le pay it elſe. 'Tis but threeſcore pound.

Lin. Saiſt thou ſo, Sweetheart. Come Sir. Come in and teſt your money——— *Exit.*

Craſ. And thank you too, good M. *Linſie Wolſie*, that knew ſo well, a bargaine was a bargaine, and would not part with your money to be laugh'd at among your neighbours. I would heartily now, if I could intend it. But I muſt purſe your money, and then about my Court affairs. This wench I am infinitely beholden to. She remembers ſome old curteſie that I have forgotten. Perhaps I pidled with her when I was Prentice. *Exit.*

ACT. III. Scene IV.

Enter Sarpego, *in gorgeous Apparell.*

Sar. THis is the Preſence. I am much amaz'd, or ſtupified, that Mr. T*obias Sneakup*, my quondam Pupill, attends not my Conduct! Ha! So inſtant was his Grace, his importunity to enjoy me, that although I purchaſed the loan of Cloaths, yet I had not vacation, nor indeed variety to ſhift my ſhirt. And now I come to Court, I feel certain little Cattell of infamous generation about me, that do moſt inſeparably haunt me. Now if (when the Prince ſurveyes me) any of them being ſtrangers here, ſhould peep to behold ſtrange ſights, and his Grace perceive them, what ſhould I anſwer?——

Craſie at the hangings.

Craſ. O, my glorified *Pedant* in his moſt naturall ſtrut!

Sar. I will ſay it was by influence of the heavens; or, to appear the more perfect Courtier at the firſt daſh, I will ſay, that though my outſide were glorious, yet of purpoſe I left my inſide lowſie.

Enter Sneakup *like a Citizen.*

Sed, O Dii! Quem video? nonne Mr. *Sneakup?*

Cra. See my worſhipfull Father-in-Law! Now the Woodcocks ſhoot into the glade.

Sneak.

Sneak. Pray ye peace, you muſt not know me.

Sar. O monſtrum horrendum! May not you and I know one another?

Sneak. Pray go home, and ask my wife.

Enter Craſy *in haſte.*

Craſ. Mr. *Craſie.* Is not one Mr. *Craſie* here?

Sneak. Yes Sir. Here is Mr. *Craſie* for a need Sir.

Craſ. Well done: Be bold Sir. Let not your diſſimulation be read in your eyes. You know me; give me the Jewells.

Sneak. Yes Sir.

Craſ. Let me alone to preſent them to his Grace, and praiſe them, before you are call'd.

Sneak. Will you do ſo Sir?

Craſ. Yes; For you know I muſt not ſeem to indeare them before your face: For that would ſmell rank of correſpondency.

Sneak. You ſay right Sir.

Craſ. But betwixt us both wee'l make a ſhift to cheat him. Stay you here. I will returne inſtantly. O Mr. *Sarpego!* Your Pupill will come and conduct you preſently.

Thus ſometimes, by deceit, deceit is known:
'Tis honeſt craft, by wit to get ones own.---Exit.

Enter Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.

To. My *Quondam Pedagogue!*

Sar. My *Nuper Alumnus!* Come, preſent me to the Grace of Greatneſs. I am ready; behold I am approach'd according to thy intreats, to approve thy praiſe, and mine own perfection. Set on: His Grace ſhall ſee that we can ſpeake true Latin, and conſtrue *Ludovicus vives:* Go, ſet on. *Tob.* I

Tob. I cry you mercy Sir. Upon my troth, I tooke you for Mr. *Sarpego*, my learned Tutor. He is very like him; Is he not Gentlemen? But now I come to my ſelfe againe, I remember this was never his walke, nor theſe his cloaths.

Sar. Sent you not a Nuntius, or a Meſſenger for me, intimating, that it was his Grace his inſtant deſire, to entertain me as his Inſtructor?

Tic. Alas, he has over-ſtudied himſelf! You were beſt let blood in time Sir.

Sar. Sent I not you, by the ſame meſſenger, your ten pound?

Tob. My ten pound? Ha, ha ha: I would laugh ifaith, if you could bob me off with ſuch payment.

Ruff. Sure Sir, you uſe ſome Dormitaries. Beſt ſhave your head, and 'noint it with Oyl of Roſes.

Tob. Father! Father!

Sneak. Pray peace ſon. The plot will be diſcover'd elſe.

Tob. The plot? what plot?

Sneak. The Jewells are ſent in. What, I am Mr *Craſie* now, you know. I ſhall be ſent for in to his Grace inſtantly.

Tob. Midſummer Moon! Midſummer Moon!

Sneak. In very truth ſon, hit as 'twill, I ſay we are beholding to Mr. *Holywater*.

Tob. Heaven not bleſſe me, if I underſtand not the Baboons mumpings better then your ſpeech. You are more dark then *Delphos*. What *Holywater*?

Sneak. Why the Gentleman, you know, you ſent to bring M. *Craſie* to ſerve his Grace with Jewells.

Tob. Father, Heaven pardon me: For ſure I have a great deſire to call you Cockſcomb. I ſent no man; nor is there any ſo ſtiled as *Holywater* about the Court.

Tic.

Tic. Do you not want ſleep ſir?

Ruff. Or have you not ſeen a ſpirit ſir?

Tic. Or have you not over-mus'd, or over-thought your ſelfe, as wee doubt Mr. *Sarpego*, here, has done?

Tob. Or has not my mother over-beaten you, father? You may tell me.

Sneak. Son, I am not ſo very a foole, but I perceive I am made a ſtark Aſſe. Oh ſonne, thy father is cozen'd; and thy mother will beat me indeed, unleſſe your charity conceal me in the Court here, till her fury be over.

Ticket. Hee ſhall ſtay at my Wives [Chamber.

Rufflit. And there inſtruct us in the paſſages of this cozenage.

Tob. Do not weep father. My Lady *Ticket* will appeaſe all.

Ruff. Adieu Mr. *Sarpego*. Lure your braines backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Sar. *Sic tranſit gloria Mundi.* The learned is Cony-caught; and the lover of *Helicon* is laugh'd at. The laſt ſix-pence of my fortune is ſpent; and I will go cry in private. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT. IIII. *Scene* I.

Enter Craſy *like a Dancer.*

Craſ. NOw, whilſt my politike Mother-in-Law is in expectation of her great adventure, and my worſhipfull Father-in-Law ſtinks at Court for feare of her; I in this laſt diſguiſe will purſue my new affairs. Me-thinks theſe Jewells ſmile on me now more chearfully then when they were mine owne before. Firſt to my honeſt Punk.

Crack *meets* Craſie *at the doore.*

Crac. Who would you ſpeak with Sir?

Craſ. With thy ſiſter. Doſt thou not know mee *Jeffrey*. Where is ſhe? Look better on me.

Craſ. O, is it you Sir? Hang me if I knew you in this habit; though I was ſet here on purpoſe to watch for you.

Craſ. What's the matter *Jeffrey*?

Crac. Sir ſhe is fallen into a new fit of Melancholy. Some new project ſhe has in her noddle. But ſhe deſires you to worke upon this, [*he gives him a paper.*] I dare not be ſeen to talk with any body. —— *Exit.*

Craſ. What new device is this? [*he reads.*] Since I laſt ſaw you, your Mother-in-Law, Mrs. *Sneakup*, has earneſtly dealt with me to make me a Bride for her ſonne *Tobias*. If there may be any thing wrought out of it to benefit you, I will ſuddenly take occaſion to break

break with the Foole *Wolſie*; of whom I am heartily weary; and after, be wholly diſpoſed by you. Sure this wench ſtudies nothing but my profit. Well: I have thought already to make the beſt of her. Now to my new Miſtreſſe. This is the houſe, and here's her maid.

Enter Bridget.

Bri. Would you ſpeak with any here Sir?

Craſ. With your Miſtreſſe, (I take it) Miſtreſſe *Craſie.*

Bri. May not I deliver your mind unto her Sir?

Craſ. My buſineſs is of weight and ſecreſie: yet you may tell her, here is the Gentleman that her Doctor ſent her.

Bri. O ſhe expects him moſt impatiently--Pray enter Sir. She's ready for you, there before you Sir——

Exit Craſie.

A buſineſſe of mine owne makes me wait here.
I think I ſaw my learned Love make this way.
But he (alas) though ſmall in fleſhly growth,
By reaſon of his high preferment is
Now growne too great for me.

Enter Sarpego *muſing.*

'Tis hee; I know his ſtature,
Though not his cloaths, the Enſigns of his greatneſs,
In which how big he ſeems, though but a ſprawler!
So cloaths can make men greater, but not taller.
He's deep in ſtudy; I dare not interrupt him.

Sar. I have adventur'd, though with trembling feet,
Unto this Manſion, to exonerate,
At leaſt extenuate my ſuſpirations

For

For my dear loſs. The Lady of this place,
Who had an equall venture, and hath ſuffer'd
In the ſame Fate with me, may eaſe my ſorrow.
Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.
I of my wrongs, and ſhe of hers ſhall clamor.
But *ecce noſter ubi eſſet Amor.*

Bri. Moſt worſhipfull Sir, welcome from Court,
If your poor Handmaid may preſume to ſay ſo.

Sar. Where is your Miſtreſſe? I mean your grand Matrona, Mrs. *Sneakup.*

Bri. In the firſt place let me beſeech you Sir,
Vouchſafe your anſwer to a longing Maid,
That can be comforted in nothing more,
Then the good newes of your proſperity;
Of which I hope a part at leaſt to be,
Preferr'd by your late promiſe to your ſervice.

Sar. I will now breath a moſt ſtrong and Poeticall execration
Againſt the Univerſe. [*Bri.*] Sir I beſeech you---

Sar. From henceforth *Erit Fluvius Deucalionis*
The world ſhall flow with dunces; *Regnabitque*, and it ſhall raine
Dogmata Polla Sophon, Dogs and Polecats, and ſo forth.

Bri. His Court advancement makes him mad, I fear.

Sar. From hence let learning be abomination
'Mong the Plebeians, till their ignorance
Shall lead them blinde into the Lake of *Lethe.*

Bri. What pity 'tis that honour and high places
Should make men loſe their wits, ſometimes their heads!

Sar. May Peaſantry and Idiotiſm trample
Upon the heads of Art and Knowledge, till
The world be ſhuffled in th' priſtine *Chaos.*

Bri. Dear Sir, though you are highly dignified,
Forget not the preferment, that you promis'd me,
To ſcratch your head; to make your bed; to waſh

Your

Your ſhirt; to pick your toes, and to evacuate
Your Chamberpot.

Sar. Elephantem ex Muſca facit. She takes me for a Mountaine, that am but a Mole-hill.
But when ſhe reads my poverty agen,
And that theſe Garments muſt return to th'Gambrels,
Her ſcorn will be impetuous.

Enter Joſina, Craſie.

Jo. Go finde another room maid for your talk, Mr. *Sarpego*, my mother calls for you.

Sar. Has ſhe receiv'd *Aliquid novi*, newes from Court?

Jo. She has now receiv'd a Letter. Pray be gone, I have more ſerious buſineſs of mine own. *Ex. Sar.* You are the Creature then that my deare *Brid.* Doctor has ſent me, that can dance, read, write, and be ſecret. I ſhall uſe you all in all. And I prithee how fares my Phyſitian?

Cra. I can confirm that he is yours proteſtedly. And to morrow night—

Jo. Peace: Here comes my mother.

Enter Pyannet *reading a Letter.*

I can my Cinquepace friend. But I prithee teach me ſome tricks. Who would care for a female, that moves after the plain pace? No: Give me the woman of tricks. Teach me ſome tricks I prethee.

Cra. Ha! Tricks of twenty: Your Traverſes, Slidings, Falling back, Jumps, Cloſings, Openings, Shorts, Turns, Pacings, Gracings---As for---Corantoes, Levoltoes, Jigs, Meaſures, Pavins, Brawls, Galliards, or Canaries, I ſpeak it not ſwellingly, but I ſubſcribe to no man.

Jo.

Jos. Tis a rare fellow!

Py. Am I then cheated? my wit begins to be out of countenance. O the Plague that hangs over her head that has a foole to her husband, as thou and I have daughter.

Jo. How now sweet mother? What ill newes changeth your face thus?

Py. O deare daughter, my Lady *Ticket* writes here, that the fool, thy father, is cheated of two rich Jewells, that thou and I stole from the Ideot thy husband *Crasie.*

Cra. O that *Crasy* was ever a silly fellow.

Py. A very Citizen, a very Citizen. How should I call you Sir?.

Jo. One Mr. *Footwell*, Mother; who teacheth Gentlewomen to doe all things Courtly, to dance Courtly, to love their husbands Courtly——

Cra. Your name is Mrs. *Pyannet*, I take it.

Py. *Pyannet Sneakup*, Sir.

Cra. Your husband is cozen'd at Court, I take it.

Py. So my Lady *Ticket* writes, Sir.

Cra. That Lady *Ticket* is a cunning creature. I have been inward with her; And such are my private Intelligences, that if equall curtesie might recompence, I could unshale a plot is upon you.

Py. Recompence? Sir command me, command my daughter, my maid, my house, onely tell it I beseech you.

Jo. I pray see wherein we may be gratefull. I pray speak.

Cra. So it is, I am a decayed Gentleman, quite out of repaire; fallen for want of means to the ule of my feet: Nor have I hope to see better light, but onely that Love and Fortune have put upon me a right wealthy widdow. She lyes at a near neighbours house here;

here; and here I hover about her: but for want of some good friends countenance, some meanes for cloaths and fit housing, she holds off from consummating our Marriage. Now Lady——

Py. I apprehend you Sir. Bring her to me; lodge her with me; Ile call you Cousen *I.* Is she very rich? At a neer neighbours, said you,---Not she at Mr. *Wolsies*, is it?

Cra. The very same.

Py. (By'r Lady a match for my Esquir'd son and heire. Beare a braine dancer, or I may chance to shew you a crosse caper.) Sir, bring your Widdow. Sweare to your selfe my house is yours. Now the plot, or I burst.

Cra. Why then will I disclose who cozen'd you; by what meanes you are injur'd, and how you may be reveng'd, onely you shal vow to conceale the secret-revealer, else you lose the benefit of further Intelligence.

Py. Stand off daughter: I will not trust mine own flesh with a secret; for in truth I have found it fraile. Now speak, I beseech you.

Cra. Sure, precious Mistresse, very absolute creatures have had Cockscombs to their husbands.

Py. Nay that's indubitable, I know it by my self.

Cra. Marry to bee made Cuckqueane by such a Cockscombe, to have her Jewells prig'd away, to bestow on a Court Mistresse; to have a trick put upon her, as you have, 'twould move (I must confesse) a woman that were not part a Philosopher, and had a strong wit as you have. Why did you not feele the deceit? your husbands unworthinesse, having no meanes to enjoy this Court-Lady but by gifts; and having no course for gifts, but from you, procures some Pander to performe a fam'd message. Your hope of game puts

the weighty truſt upon the counterfeit fool your huſband; his ſimplicity ſeems cozen'd, whilſt this Lady excuſes all, and keeps all: So that your own Jewells purchaſe your owne horns; nay, and you were not withall laught at for your purchaſe, 'twere ſcarce enough to run mad for.

Py. 'Tis moſt plaine: I will have ſuch a revenge, as never woman had.

Enter Ticket.

Tic. Good Mrs. *Pyannet*, bear't as well as you may: Your loſſe is heavy, yet under the ſtrength of your conſtant wiſdome——Ifaith my wife was ſo carefull leſt you ſhould take too deep ſenſe of it, that ſhe importun'd my own preſence to comfort you: for ſure I know——

Py. You are a Wittally Cuckold I know. I commend thy wives modeſty yet: She will not doe it afore thy face, but will ſend thee out of an errand yet.

Tic. What mean you? you amaze me.

Py. Nay, I look you ſhould ſeem ignorant: What, to take ſenſe or notice of your horne, as long as it winds you into profit, were moſt uncourtly. Well, you heare not me rage nor rave: marry I will ſlit the Drabs noſe, crop off her eares, ſcratch out her eyes——

Tic. Bleſſe us!

Py. Teare off her haire, plucke out her throat, that's all. Come along Sir.

Io. Now they are gone, I prethee M. *Footwell* ſtay a little, I will fetch thee ſome Letters to read for me, which I have not open'd yet, becauſe I durſt truſt no body.——

Exit Py. Tic.

Exit Cra.

Craſ. Theſe Letters muſt neceſſarily come from my Brace of Courtiers, Sir *Ticket*, and Monſieur *Rufflit*, which I will read cleane contrary, as if they ſlighted her, and anſwer them acroſſe from her meaning, as if ſhe ſlighted them: And ſo letting my ſelfe downe into their inwards on both ſides, what they can get, or what my wife has, will I pump into mine owne purſe.

Enter Joſina *with two Letters.*

Jo. Now deare M *Footwell*, as ever you pitied the caſe of a poor Gentlewoman, that would faine uſe her beauty, whilſt there is ſome pleaſure in it, read and anſwer theſe Letters with commanding eloquence; force them to affect me.

Cra. Ha, ha, ha: Will you not be offended, if I read them truly?

Jo. No: I prethee what is't?

Cra. Stay, it ſeems you have written to them.

Jo. Yes: but I cannot read the anſwer. Prethee what iſt?

Cra. Faith youle be angry.

Jo. Nay, and you love me, what ist?

Cra. Sir *Andrew* here, he ſayes, tis not your broad brim'd hat, your tiffeny dreſſe, Spaniſh ruffe, and ſilver bodkin can make him diſloyall to his wives bed. *Rufflit* here, he writes that you have a groſſe body, a dull eye, a lowe forehead, a black tooth, a fat hand, and a moſt lean purſe. I there's it: And you could but give, and you had but to ſend——

Jo. A lean purſe!

Cra. I, the lean purſe. There's the Devill: Were you as bald as Time, as ſtiffly wrinkled as frozen plow'd Lands, more dry then a Fever, more leane then

death; had you ingroſs'd deformity, yet if you had but to give ——

Jo. Why *Footwell*, though my husband be but a Bankrupt Knave ——

Cra. Nay faith, rather a fool, Miſtreſſe.

Jo. Well, fool let him be then; yet I have a Mother will not ſee me want for neceſſary ends: And I hope I had the wit to cozen my husband of ſomewhat againſt a rainy day. Look you Sir, I kept theſe for a friend in a corner.

Cra. Nay, but I would not wiſh you to ſend them now: What, relieve the baſe wants of prating Skipjacks to pay for your damnation?

Jo. Nay thats ſure, I will not give them.

Cra. And yet, ifaith, what can a Gentlewoman give too much for her pleaſure? Can there be a more heavy diſgrace blowne abroad upon any Lady, then that ſhe has not at the leaſt two ſervants, ſince many Lovers are the onely noble approvement of beauty?

Jo. Ile ſend them both, thats ſure.

Cra. But both of them to Mr. *Rufflit*: Oh, hee's an abſolute ſpirit! He has an Engliſh face, a French tongue, a Spaniſh heart, an Iriſh hand, a Welch Leg, a Scotch beard, and a Dutch buttock.

Jo. O I: I am wholly his, I will ſend all to him.

Cra. O but Sir *Andrew*, he is a Courtly Lover: He can kiſſe you courtly, handle you Courtly, lye with you Courtly.

Jo. O yes: he ſhall have one. I prethee praiſe me to them both, and commend to each of them one of theſe Jewells, not that I doe ſo much care for the uſe of them, yet becauſe I would not be wonder'd at like an Owle among my neighbors, for living honeſt in my husbands abſence. I prethee work effectually for mee, ſweet M. *Footwell*. —— *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Rufflit, *ſpying her going out.*

Ruf. Mrs. *Craſie:* Hiſt Mrs. *Craſie.*

Cra. Peace Sir, forbeare: As you would hope, doe not purſue a woman when ſhe is out of the humor. O, untimely importunity is moſt diſtaſtfull. There are certain ſeaſons to take the coldeſt Appetite, when ſhe is pinning a Ruffe, playing with a Monkey, hearing a wanton Song, or half drunk.

Ruf. What are you Sir?

Cra. A private Meſſenger to you Sir, from the Gentlewoman you purſue. This is your hand, is it not?

Ruf. Yes:

Cra. You may keep your Letter.

Ruf. But what ſayes my utmoſt hope, the end of my ambition?

Cra. Only that you are poor, a Gallant of a very wanting fortune.

Ruf. The more honor for her to redeem me.

Cra. Alas, I think her means are but weak, her husbands ſinking hath brought her low.

Ruf. Her husband! Alas poor fly; onely made to be ſuck'd and forſaken. His wife has the life-blood of her fortunes in her, and I'le be her cupping-glaſſe.

Cra. I wonder his wife could nouriſh ſo unbelieving a conſcience!

Ruf. Conſcience! All things rob one another: Churches poule the People, Princes pill the Church; Minions draw from Princes, Miſtreſſes ſuck Minions, and the Pox undoes Miſtreſſes; Phyſitians plague their Patients; Orators their Clients; Courtiers their Suitors, and the Devill all. The water robs the earth, earth choakes the water: fire burns ayre, ayre ſtill conſumes the fire.

Since Elements themſelves do rob each other,
And *Phœbe* for her light doth rob her Brother,
What iſt in man, one man to rob another?

Cra. You have ſpoken moſt edifyingly ſir, but for you, of whom I underſtand *Craſy* merits the beſt Offices; for you to corrupt his Wife, and with a covetous ſinning expect uſe for the loan of your Loines!

Ruff. Death man, they are my Exchecquer, my Rent: Why I have no poſſeſſion but my Eſtate taile. And at for *Craſy*, he has no wit; he was created a foole, to have Knaves work upon him: a fellow made to have ſome pity, and all wrong; he had ever an open Purſe, and now an empty. He made it a common hole, every Gallant had his fingers in it. Every man lov'd his Fortune, ſqueez'd it, and when it was unjuic'd, farewell kind heart. I confeſs I owe him a good turn: Ile pay't his Wife. He kept her alwaies exquiſitely neat; temptingly gallant, and as a proteſted Cuckold ſhould do, about his degree and means ſumptuouſly proud. Her Eye artificially ſpirited, her Cheek ſurphuled, her Teeth blanch'd, her Lip painted, her Neck carkanetted, and her Breſt bar'd almoſt to her Belly. And ſhall a peece, thus put out to ſale, ſtand unattempted, as not worth the purchaſe.

Cra. Yes Sir, if you could compaſſe her; as ſure ſhe may be corrupted: for ſhe is very covetous.

Ruff. If I could but make ſhew of a Gift, or preſent one ——

Cra. Only not to appeare of ſo needy a Fortune —— Why if you chance to poſſeſs her.

Ruff. Piſh, tweare all mine again, and all that ſhe had beſides. And troth, I think ſhe is wealthy.

Cra. Wealthy I look you Sir, Here are two of her Jewels, I fetcht from an Ant of hers, where they lay hid from her Husband. Theſe are not worth the purſuit.

Ruff.

Ruff. Nay, tis an eaſie Female: He, that has her, has all. What ſhould I ſend? A Gift would do it. Let me think. Tis but a groſs-bodyed Wench, with a blackiſh haire neither.

Cra. Oh the better. Your lean No-bodies with yellow Manes have moſt commonly rotten teeth and wicked breaths. No, your full plump Woman is your only Venus.

Ruff. A hundred golden peeces I am intruſted withall by my elder Brother, to purchaſe a peece of Injuſtice. If I ſhould ſend them ——

Cra. Oh Sir, theſe both were yours, and they too. She pretends this ſtraine, but onely to explore your ſtrength of means, and to try how far you dare engage them for her enjoying.

Ruff. I will ſend them, win her, uſe her, ſuck her Purſe, recover my own, gain hers, and laugh at the poor Cuckhold her Husband. Commend with theſe my lifes blood, and Soules ſervice to my Miſtris. Farewell -- *Exit.*

Enter Ticket.

Cra. Sir *Andrew Ticket*, I take it.

Tic. The ſame, Sir. Is Mrs. *Craſie* within? I cannot keep pace with her Mother. O, when jealouſie is once ſet a going, it runs on high ſpeed. But let her make haſt to arrive at Court, while I land on her Daughter in the City. Is ſhe privately idle?

Craſie ſpits at Ticket.

What doſt thou mean by that?

Cra. My Vow's diſcharg'd, and her Revenge is done. I am no Pandar, Sir, and yet I am of Counſell with Smock ſecrets, Buttock buſineſſe Sir. Are

Are you so stale a Courtier, and know not the necessity of Gifts?

Tic. Is that the matter I am rejected by her?

Cra. Why? would it not provoke any Woman to be called foole, and foule-face?

Tic. I never call'd her so, by the Soule of my Affection, not I.

Cra. No; Do you not intimate she is a foole, when you hope to enjoy her without a Gift? And foule, when your neglect of cost saies she deserves none.

Tic. 'Fore Heaven I was a silly Asse, now I think on't, to send a Sonnet without some rich present.

Cra. Why Sir? A man must do as he would be done to. Do you, or any man use to be made Cuckhold for nothing?

Tic. I should have sent a Gift. What, if I enjoy her, she may requite it.

Cra. May; Nay can; nay will. Look you Sir, here's Gold. Here are Jewels. They are hers; they may be yours. I would not seem a Pandar to you though; for you have a Wife Sir.

Tic. Pish, who cares to drink out of a River? What I can command out of duty hath but a dull relish. Had not *Danae* been kept in her brass Tower, she had never tempted a Gods piercing. I must send, though it be but to shew the ability of my Fortune, and the desert of her Beauty.

Cra. And then to send but a trifle would disgrace both.

Tic. Hold, convey this Carckanet unto her; tis of value, and let her read by this, how much I seek her.

Cra. And how deare you hold her. Sir, I can speak; but *I* use to take nothing for my paines.

Tic.

Tic. Yes, receive this little --- Nay, I prethee.

Cra. Only not to appeare Uncourtly, or uncivill. I proteſt I abhor Pandariſme; only as a ſecond, or ſo. As you have beheld two Horſes knubbing one another; Ka me, Ka thee, an old kind of Courtſhip.

Tic. I prethee return inſtantly my ſucceſs: You ſhall find me at the Ordinary; come and Dine with me.

Cra. I have procur'd a private Stable for my Horſe: And therefore I my ſelfe would be loth to ſtand at Livery.

Cra. Doſt compare common Stables for Horſes, and publick Ordinaries for Gallants together.

Cra. Troth yes ſir, for as in Stables, here a goodly Gelding of twenty Pounds price, & there a raw-backd Jade of foure Nobles by him. So at Ordinaries, here a worthy Fellow of means and virtue, and there a Cheating Shifter of wants and coſenage. Here a Knight, there a Beggar; Here a Gallant, there a Gull: Here a Courtier, there a Coxcomb; Here a Juſtice of Peace, and there an Eſquire of low Degree. Or, in direct Phraſe, a Pandar.

Tic. Such a one as thou art.

Cra. Umh, Virtue goes often wetſhod, and is forc'd to be cobled up with baſe means, to hold out water and cold neceſſity. You command me no further ſir.

Tic. No honeſt Knave, farewell —— *Exit Craſy.* Now Mr. *Craſy*, will I button up your Cap with a Court-brooch.

You demand Debts, do you? Ile pay you none. Oh twas a notable dull Flat-Cap. He would invite Courtiers; ſtand bare, ſay grace, make legs, kiſs his hand, ſerve us in perfum'd linnen, and lend us money upon our words, or bare words. Were't not a ſin to

let

let such a foole passe unsuckt? No, Fortune dresst him only for us to feed on, and Ile fall to.

Exit.

ACT. IV. *Scene* 11.

La. Ticket. Sneakup. Toby. Page.

La. Tic. BEE comforted Mr. *Sneakup*; Remember you are in my Chamber. Beare the heart of a Husband, who scorns to tremble at the face of his Wife? Do not feare sir.

Tob. Stand firm Father, do not sinck before the face of a Lady.

La. I have sent my own Husband to satisfie her, and I hope he will do it throughly. Be your selfe therefore; all the Pleasures the Pallace can afford, shall strive to mitigate your feares.

Sneak. Have you any Pleasures in the Court, can make a man forget he has a Wife?

To: Sir we have pleasures will make a man forget any thing, even himselfe; therefore necessarily his wife, who is but part of himselfe.

La.T. Boy, sing your song of the Court delights.

They

They sit: Sneakups *head in the Ladies lap.*

The Page sings——

Enter Pyannet *with a Truncheon.* Sarpego.

Py. Are you lull'd in your delights? No pillow for your Goatish head, but her Ladyships lap?

Sneak. O dear! O wife! I did not know you were so nigh truly.

Py. You are ignorant still, I know: But I will make thy bones suffer as well as my browes. Thou Cullion, could not thine own Cellar serve thee, but thou must be sneaking into Court Butteries?

Sneak. Oh, oh, oh——

Sar. Væ misero.

To. Hold deare mother.

La.T. Sweet Mrs. *Pyannet* hold.

Py. Art thou there, daughter of an Intelligencer, and strumpet to a Bearward?

La.T. Now Beauty blesse me, was not thy mother a notorious Tripe-wife, and thy father a profest Hare-finder? Gip you Flirt.

Py. How now Madam *Tiffany*! Will none but my Cock serve to tread you? Give me my Jewells thou Harlot.

To. Mother---Pray Mother---

Py. Bestow steeping thy skin in perfumes to kill the stink of thy paintings, and rotten inwards to catch Cockscombs.

To. Dear mother.

Py. But thou shalt not cozen, and Cucquean me.

To. Sweet mother----

Sar. Lupus in fabula. The Devill's in the womans tongue.

Py. A

Py. A whip on her; rotten eggs and kennell dirt on her silken Whoreship.

Sar. Nil tam difficile. Nothing can lay her.

La.T. Nay, let the Countrey Gentlewoman bee mad and rave on; she knowes I know my Countrey Gentlewoman had a Bastard before shee was married.

Py. Did um so? The Countrey Gentlewoman was more chaste in a Bastard, then the Court Madam in her barrenneſſe. You understand me; you have no Green-sickneſſe there, yet (I hope) you have few Christ'nings; you have trickes for that, have you?

To. Nay mother——

Py. You have your Kickshaws, your Players Marchpaines; all shew and no meat.

Sar. Nulli penetrabilis Astro. Shee'l heare no reason.

La.T. Go to; you know how in private you commended your Horse-keeper to me.

Py. Well: And didst not thou in as much privacy counsell me to contemn my husband, and use an Italian trick that thou wouldst teach me?

Sar. Quid faciendum? Best stop their mouths?

La.T. Out you bawble; you trifle; you burden smock'd sweaty sluttery, that couldst love a fellow that wore worsted stockins footed, and fed in Cooks shops.

Sar. Jaculis & Arcu. Thunder and Lightning.

Py. Ods my precious——

Sneak. Nay dear, sweet wife--

Py. How's this---

To. Honey Mother---

Py. Take this, and take all. Why goody Complexion, thou Rammy Nastineſſe, thou knowest where-

fore

fore thy Gentlewoman left thee; did she not sweare that she---

To. For modesties sake---

Py. Had rather be at the opening of a dead old man, then stand dressing thy head in a morning. Remember the Page that wore thy picture, and the song which thou hadst in the praise of the male Baboon.

Sar. *Tacete parvuli:* You have said too much.

To. Indeed mother you will be sorry, when you know how much you mistake; some crafty fellow has put a trick upon you.

Sneak. Me-thinkes sweet wife you should rather condole our losse with me.

Py. Hold you your peace; do not you prate.

Sar. *Redde te Harpocratem*: The man is wise enough.

To. 'Tis true; misfortune hath wrought the Iewells from my father.

Sneak. Indeed wife, truly, truly, I am Conycatch'd——

To. But for my father, or this Ladies wronging you, as I am your son, I assure you I have been an eye-witnes of all fair respect towards you.

Py. Is it even so?

To. Mother, as I respect your blessing it is perfect truth.

Py. I humbly beseech you sweet Madam, that my earnest and hearty sorrow may procure remission for my inconsiderate and causeless Invectives. Let my confession seem satisfactory, and my contrition win indulgency to my forgetfull delinquency. I pray you let us kisse and be friends.

La.T. Alas sweet friend, you and I have been inward a great while, and for us to fall out, and bare one anothers secrets——

Py. Well,

Py. VVell, 'twas mine error, not malice; but as for the procurer of it, if I pay not him in his owne Coyne---Mr. *Footwell!* Ile shew you a trick of twenty. Come son, I have a wife for thee.

To. A Wife! a Wife, Mother! O where is shee?

Py. I, my boy, a Wife---

To. O ho.

Py. And such a one as thou shalt blesse me for procuring. Curteously farewell, sweet Madam: Where's my Fool? Come, leave the Court sirrah, and man your owne wife into the City———

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. III. *Scene* III.

Josina, Crasy.

Jo BUt I prethee satisfie me: What returne they? Received they my Jewells?

Cra. Yes, they prov'd acceptive.

Jo. And what said they? Can they affect?

Cra. Can they be damn'd? Before I will undergoe againe such a businesse---fore Heaven I do as little differ from a Pander! only I have nothing for my pains, or else———

Jo. Thou shalt have. Are thy news happy?

Cra. Are your own wishes happy?

Jo. Hold, spend this ten pound for me, *Footwel.*

Cra. Will you make me a Bawde. What, a Bawde?

And

And yet introth, what would not a man be for your ſake, that have ſuch wit and ſuch bounty!

I cannot refuſe, but ſuffer your Virtue to be exercis'd upon me.

Joſ. Now, prethee ſpeak; what's their anſwer?

Cra. Why, Ile tell you, they are both your own.

Joſ. Both Footwell: I prethee how?

Cra. Why, no more but this; they are both yours; only you know, but one hand in a Glove at once. But I had ſo much to do with one of them; ſuch a coyle to draw him to it ——

Joſ. Which, I prethee? Sir *Andrew*?

Craſ. Even he: He ſaies, he underſtands that you affect a Mountebanck. Sure, your Doctor is but ſome baſe bragging Raſcall.

Jo. Do you think ſo?

Craſ. How ſhould Sir *Andrew* know elſe that he is come to embrace you to night?

Jo. Does he know that too?

Cra. Yes marry does he, which the worthy Knight takes ſo contemptuouſly, ſuffering ſo baſe a Rivall, that he vowes, unleſs you beat him, baſtinado him ſoundly when he comes, he will loath you moſt conſtantly.

Jo. Enough, if I do not make him an Example to all the bawdy Quacks in the Kingdome; ſay there is no virtue in Cudgels, and Bedſtaves. Ile charm him for opening any more ſecrets of mine, Ile warrant him. And ſo write to Sir *Andrew*.

Cra. Welſaid Miſtreſs, be reſolute. I mean to help you my ſelfe.

Jo. Ile caſt about for weapons inſtantly.—— *Exit.*

Cra. Yes, I will write to Sir *Andrew*, doubtleſs, that, which he ſhall have ſmall cauſe to thank me for. I wil write for him to come in the habit of this Doctor.

My

ACT. IV. Scene IV.

Linsie Wolsie, Crack with a Lute, &c.

Lin. SHee's gone, shee's gone: Was ever man so cheated? Threescore pound for a Ring; and the Ring gone too, for which I paid it: A moneths dyet and lodging, besides the charge of Physick and attendance. Five pound in dole bread, would have serv'd my house a twelve moneth. I am undone; broke, Bankrupt: But thou Rogue shalt smart for all, now I have caught thee,

Crac. Mercy, dear Sir, mercy.

Lin. Were you making up your packe to bee gone too?

Crac. Nothing but my own Sir, my Lute, and a few Musick-books.

Lin. You and your Mistresse have made sweet Musick of me: Therefore sirrah quickly----Are the Beadles gone for?

Servant within. Yes Sir.

Lin. Therefore quickly, I say, as you were an Acter in the Cosenage, bring her to light, or ———

Crac. Shee's light enough her self: But a very Innocent I, Sir. She has cozen'd me of halfe a years service, wrought me off o'my leggs, strain'd my backe, crack'd my voyce, done me to my utter undoing; and can you think I knew of her running away?

Lin. I'le make you sing another song sirrah: Are the Beadles come?

Crac.

Crac. Any ſong Sir, or as many as you pleaſe. *He ſings a ſong.*

Lin. Pretty I confeſſe. But that's not the ſong muſt do it; nor can any ſong pleaſe me at this time. Are the Beadles come?

Serv. within. Yes Sir, they are here.

Crac. Deare Sir, let 'em forbeare a little. And if I cannot pleaſe you with a ſong, commit me to their fury.

Lin. 'Tis but to trifle time: yet ſing before you ſuffer. Worſe then t'other this; you ſhall ſing in another place; to the whip, to the whip, Sir? Bring in the Beadles, and away with him to Bridewell. *He ſings another ſong.*

Crac. Yet once more, good Sir, try me this laſt time, and but promiſe me, if I can ſing a ſong that you ſhall like, to forgive and free me.

Lin. Sing a ſong that I ſhall like, and I will free thee.

Crack ſings againe.

Then ſhall a preſent courſe be found
For Mr. Wolſies threeſcore pound;
And his Ring,
And the thing
That has given him the ſlip ——

Lin. I marry, that I like well.

Crac. Then I have 'ſcap'd the whip.

Lin. Think you ſo Sir?

Crac. Yes: For you like the ſong well, you ſay, and I am free; I hope you will make good your noble City word, Sir.

Lin. City words uſe not to paſſe for ſongs Sir: Make you good the words of your ſong, Sir, and I

shall make my word good Sir; Come away Beadles.

Crac. O stay Sir, I beseech you, and let your Justice fall on the right shoulders. I'le confesse all.

Lin. O will you so Sir?

Crack. 'Tis most true Sir, that the Gentlewoman whom I call'd Mistress, is a most cunning whore, and a notorious cheat.

Lin. These are good words indeed!

Crac. Shee came to your house with foure men in Liveries; they were all but hired Varlets.

Lin. Yes, and divers Trunks of supposed Treasure, which I finde to bee Baggs of Nailes, and other old Iron, and all the Rings and Stones shee boasted in her Will are but Curtaine Rings, and Bucke-bats.

Crac. Your owne covetousnesse cozen'd you Sir: But if I now bring you not where you shall see how shee is since bestowed, and that you finde not hearty cause to rejoyce that you were cozen'd of her, let me be whipp'd to death, Sir.

Lin. Well, come along Sir: But I will have a Guard upon you.

Crac. What Guard you please Sir, so my poore skin may scape the Lash-guards.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT.

ACT. V.

Crasy, Tryman, Pyannet, Toby.

Try. O thou Varlet, thou unconscionable Unbeliever, ungodly Miscreant! Hast thou cozen'd my easie Credulity? And wouldst have undone and married me, like a Cony-catching companion, as thou art? Didst not thou tell me, thou hadst moderate means of life, friends of fashion, and civill reputation? And now this vertuous, religious Gentlewoman tells me, thou art, an arrant Skipjack.

Py. Nay, and has not a hole to put thy head in, but upon my curtesie.

Try. But I thank this Matrons worship, her pity will not permit my easie Nature to suffer under thy Cosenage; But bestowes her generous Son and Heire here upon me.

Py. A Gentleman of another spheare, another ranck then you are Sirrah; that shall have three hundred yeare in *Esse*, and five in *Posse*.

Try. That is acquainted with young Lords; has had the honour to make a Hunting match.

To. I, and a challenge to ride the wilde Goose chase.

Try. That hath made Ladies Posies for Cheese trenchers.

To. And play'd with Countesses at Shuttle-cock.

Try. And to this Elegant Spirit and choice hope am I, and my Fortunes contracted.

Craf. How! contracted.

Try. Yes Sir, contracted. Look you, I dare ſeale it before your face. *Kiſſe.*

Cra. Are you ſo.

To. She is mine ſir, mine ſir. Do you mark, I dare likewiſe ſeale it ſir. *Kiſſe.*

Cra. Is there honeſty in this dealing?

Py. Yes ſir, Is there not profit in this dealing?

Cra. Tis very well. If there be no Law upon words, Oathes and Pre-contracts, and Witneſs. If a man may ſpend a hundred Angels upon a Widdow; have her affied before Witneſs, and then have his Noſe wip'd of her. Why, Tis very well.

Tryman takes Pyannet and Toby aſide.

Try. Intruth deare heart, and ſweet Mother in expectation, to ſpeak equally, there have ſome words of courſe paſt betwixt us, which may ſeem to impart ſome Ingagement. Surely I have been too liberall of ſome ſpeech of advantage. Truly it would not be amiſs, (conſidering his Expence and Intereſt) to fall to ſome ſlight Compoſition. Some hundred Pounds would make the poor Knave do any thing.

To. Mother, let's be wiſe. Let's be wiſe Mother; fetch a hundred peeces preſently: That even upon his firſt conſent, he may be ſatisfy'd and ſilenc'd.

Try. For if he chance but to be delay'd till he ask Counſell, then ——

Py. Mum. A word to the wiſe.—— *Exit.*

Cra. Nay, I hope as long as I am a Subject, I ſhall have Law: I doubt not but I ſhall have Law.

Try. Come Sir, you ſhall not deſervedly exclaim of my neglecting you.

For our ſometimes Love, I have procured you a hundred Pounds.

Cra. To diſclaim my right in you, Ile take't. Here's my hand, Ile take it.

To. Pox, how my Mother ſtaies.

Cra. Scorn my Povetty! Come, where iſt? Becauſe I have not the Muck of the World. Come, the money.

Enter Pyannet.

Py. Here ſir, upon this conſideration, that you diſclaim and renounce all intereſt ——

Cra. Yes moſt freely.

Py. In this Gentlewoman; and do vow, never to pretend future claim to her.

Cra. I do, marry. ——

To. Nay, no marries ſir, you have receiv'd the money. You ſhall make no more marries here. Come my betrothed Spouſe, bid a Fice for him, Say black's thine Eye who dares. Mother Ile be married to night, and to bed preſently.

Py. This night, Son; tis very late.

To. never to late to be wiſe. I hope I am your Son; and muſt beare a Brain.

Py. Indeed, he that deales with Woman, muſt take occaſion by the fore Lock. Away —— *Exit.*

Cra. Why! I am weary of money now: I have gotten more in a weeks Coſenage, then in all my daies of Honeſty. VVhat an eaſie coole thing it is to be a rich Knave! Gramercy *Punck*. A witty VVench is an excellent help at a dead lift. But in deſpite of the Juſtice that provok'd me, my Conſcience a little turns at theſe

brain-tricks. But they have all been ungrateſull; ungratefull! Tis a ſin that ſhould have no mercy: tis the Plague-ſpot; who has it ſhould not live.

If holy wiſdome from the thundring Cloud
Had given mee Lawes then ten, this had enſu'd:
Avoid, O man, mans Shame, Ingratitude.
For my poor Lot, I could have ſweetly ſlept
In quiet rage, with reſolute content;
Had not defect of wit, uncurteous ſcorn
Been thruſt upon me. Now they all ſhall feele,
When honeſt men revenge, their whips are ſteele.

My Courtiers are the next that I muſt exerciſe upon. This night my wife expects the embraces of one of them at leaſt, if this haſty Marriage call her not from her Chamber. But ſhe being a right woman may prevent that with a fained ſickneſſe, or ſo. Let me remember, I wrote to *Rufflit* to come like her Doctor Pulſefeele, to miniſter to her. This will jump right with a counterfeit ſickneſs: It may, perhaps, break a Urinall about his Coxcomb. *Muſick.*

How now! O perceive this great Wedding goes forward.

Muſick. Torches. Sarpego. Toby and Tryman. Sneakup and La. Ticket, Pyannet. Joſina in night attire. *Bridget.* They paſſe as to the Wedding with *Roſemary. Craſy* whiſpers *Joſina.* She takes leave of her Mother, ſeeming to complain of being ſick; and ſo returnes with *Bridget.*

Then enter *Rufflit* like a Doctor.

Cra. So, this falls out pat. She is no ſooner gone Sick to her Chamber, but here comes her Phyſitian, to cover and recover her in a trice.

Ruf. Hiſt, Footwell, Footwell.

Cra. Seignor *Rufflit*; I am a foole if I took you not for a Phyſitian. *Ruf.*

Ruf. She wrote to me, that I should come in this habit.

Cra. Right Sir, to avoid suspect: For which cause she has counterfeited herselfe sick, and lies longing and languishing till you minister to her.

Ruf. And am I come pat? am I come i'the nick?

Cra. Your Fortune sings in the right Cliff, sir, a wench as tender as a City Pullet.

Ruf. But not so rotten.

Cra. Oh sir, health it selfe; a very Restorative. Will you in? The way lies open before you.

Ruf. Hold *Footwell*, tel that till I return — *gives him money.*

Cra. Poor Snake, that I must force thee to cast thy Skin. And he were not a Citizen I could pity him: He is undone for ever. Methinks I see him all ready make earnest suite, to weare a red Cap, and a blew Gown; comely to carry a *Staff-torch* before my Lord Mayor upon *Allhallowne night*. Watch *Footwell*, I mount. —— *Exit.*

Cras. But now, if the agitation of my Braines should work through my Browes. If my Wives pitifull hand should fall to composition with my Doctors Pate, and my deceit be discovered before the Bastinado had given charge to his Shoulders, were not my Forehead in apparant danger. Tis done in three minutes. Death, my Courtier has a sanguine Complexion: He is like a Cock sparrow, Chit, Chit, and away. Heart o' man! And I should be blown up in mine own Mine now! Ha.

Ruf. within. Hold Mrs. *Cras.* Deare *Bridget*. Help, *Footwell.*

Cra. Ho the hubbub's rays'd, and my feare's vanisht.

Enter Josina, *and* Bridget *beating* Rufflit:

Crasy *takes* Bridgets *Cudgell, and laies on.*

Jos. Out you Pispot-caster.
Bri. You Suppository.
Jos. You Glister-pipe, thinkst to dishonest me?
Ruf. Hold, deare Lady — I am ——
Jos. A stincking saucy Rascall thou art, take this remembrance. *Exit.*
Cra. Hold, sweet Mistres.
Ruf. Oh I thank you good Mr. *Footwell.*
Cra. Oh, it is not so much worth verily.
Ruff. Oh, but tis sir.

He drawes his Sword from under his Gowne. Crasy closes with, and disarmes him.

Rogue. Rogue.

Nay prethee sweet Rascall, Pox on you, I did not mean to hurt you, my honest Vagabond, tell me, tell me: Come, who was't put this Trick upon me. Thou art a precious Villain; Come, whose devise was it? Whose plot. At whose Suit was I Cudgel'd? Who made me feigne my selfe a Physitian, till I must be forc'd to go to the Surgeon? And dare'st tell me?

Cra. Nay, then I will tell you. Dare! why twas your Friend and Rivall, Sir *Andrew Ticket.*
Ruff. Ticket.
Cra. Even he sir. His Gold hir'd me to gull you. And this brain procur'd your beating. Yes faith sir, Envie, bribes, and wit have wrong upon you.
Ruff. Well, if I revenge not ——
Cra. But how sir.

Ruff.

Ruff. I, afore Heaven, that's well thought on. Give me but the meanes, and I will not only forgive, but reward thee richly.

Craf. Come faith, becauſe I would have both your Shoulders, go in one Livery, I muſt diſcloſe. Why ſir, Knavery is reſtorative to me, as Spiders to Monkeys. The poyſon of wit feeds me.

Enter Ticket.

Boy with a Torch.

Look you ſir, he's come. Stand cloſe, take this Cudgell, graſp it ſtrongly, ſtretch your Sinewes luſtily; And when you ſee him hang by the middle in a Rope, let your Fiſt fall thick, and your Cudgell nimbly.

Ruf. And ſoundly. My ambitious blowes ſhall ſtrive which ſhall go formoſt.

Craf. Good ſir.

Ruf. draw him up but halfe way.

Cra. So ſir, I muſt up to receive. —— *Exit.*

Ruf. Do ſo: I ſhall be ſo reveng'd now! He had been better ha' been taken in Bed with another mans Wife, then have prevented me thus.

Tic. Vaniſh Sirrah with the Light. This I am ſure is the Window which her Letters call'd me to.

Ruf. I would you would begin once, that I might be at work. I do not love to ſtand idle in the Cold thus.

Tic. Hiſt, *Footwell, Footwell.*

Craſy above: Here ſir, here. O I watcht to do you a good turn. Will you mount ſir?

Tic. I will mount, remount, and ſurmount. I wonder that there is not a ſolemne Statute made, that no Citizen ſhould marry a handſome Woman; Or if he did, not to lye with her, For and twere not for Gallants

lack help, they would beget nothing but Fooles.

Crasy lets

Cra. Right sir, right sir. Take the Rope, and fasten about your middle sir. *downe a Rope.*

Tic. Why, that's *Crasy*, a very Coxcomb.

Cra. An Asse, an Asse.

Tic. A meer Citizen. Were't not a shame his wife should be honest? Or is't not pity that my own man should wholly enjoy a rare excellent proper woman, when a whole Corporation scarce affords two of them.

Cra. Most true sir. Now mount sir. I pluck courage out. Pray *Hercules* my strength fails me not.

Raff. Up sir, up sir. *Raffle cuds.*

Tic. Pox, and pain! Hold Doctor. *gets him.*

Raff. Save you sir.

Tic. I am most sensible of your Salutation. Pluck *Footwell.*

Cra. Alas the Cord sticks sir; Ile call some help sir. Crasy *comes downe.*

Tic. Death and Devils!

Raff. Fists and Cudgels.

Tic. Heart, Lungs, Lights!

Raff. Armes, Shoulders, Sides.

Tic. Help, help, help.

Enter Crasy.

Cra. Passion of *Heaven*, Doctor, Ile Doctor you a-way. *Exit Raffle*

Tic. Redeem me deare *Footwell*

Fow. Yes sir, I come for the same purpose. Alas sir, me thinks I even feele your blowes. Are you not sore sir? *Tic*

lame

Tick. Sore? Couldst thou not pluck?

Cra. Sure I was Planet-struck; the rope stuck in a slit Sir.

Tic. A Pox o'the slit, say I.

Cra. Know you this mad Doctor? Or do you owe any Doctor any thing?

Tic. I know him not; nor do I owe any Doctor any thing; I onely owe my Barber-Surgeon for a dyet-drink.

Cra. Speedily make up your face Sir; here comes company: M. *Ruffle!*

Ent. Ruffle in his owne shape.

Ruf. Honest *Rootwel*! how dost? Sir *Andrew*! Heartily how is't?——

He hugs and shakes him.

Tic. As heartily as thou wilt; but not so hard I pretbee.

Ruf. Why what's the matter?

Tic. I bruis'd my side e'en now against a formes edge.

Ruf. Parmasky, Sir, is very good, or the fresh skin of a flead Cat.

Tic. Flead Cat?

Ruf. The fly-blowes of a dead dog, made into oyl, and spread upon the kell of a measell hog.

Musick.

Cra. Hark Gentlemen, the Wedding comes, forget old bruises, and put on sense of the lightest colour; for this house to night vowes to run giddy with mirth and laughter.

Enter Lights: Sarpego, Toby, Tryman, La. Ticket, Pyanner, Sneakup.

Ruf. Joy, health, love and children to this happy union.

Tic. Unbruis'd bones, and smooth foreheads to you both.

Py. What

Py. What shall no device, no mirth solemnize my sons match? Go *Sneakup*, call downe our daughter. [*Exit Sneakup.*] In despight of sickneſſe, mirth and joy shall make this night healthfull.

Try. O mother, cold sobriety and modeſt melancholy becomes the face of the Matron; unedifying gawdes are Prophane vanities. Mirth is the fat of fools, onely vertue is the nouriſhment of purity and unſinning ſincerity.

Py. By the leave of your wiſdome daughter, wee'l take the wall of your preciſeneſſe: for Mr. *Sarpego* has told me of a learned ſubject for a Ballet, which wee ſhall ſee acted preſently.

Try. What is it, ſome Heatheniſh Play?

Sar. No certes, but a very religious Dialogue, full of nothing, but morall conceits betwixt Lady *Luxury*, a Prodigall and a Fool.

Try. But who ſhould act and perſonate theſe?

Sar. Why in that lies the nobility of the device; it ſhould be done after the faſhion of *Italy* by our ſelves, only the plot premeditated to what our aim muſt tend: Marry the Speeches muſt be extempore. Mrs. Bride would I have to play Dame *Luxury*, and Mr. *Footwell* here the Prodigall.

Py. And my husband the Fool.

Enter Sneakup, Joſina *and* Bridget.

Sneak. I, and't pleaſe you wife.

Sar. Ile play the Inductor, and then we are all fitted.

Try. I pray you what is Lady *Luxury*? A woman regenerative.

Tob. A Whore, wife.

Sar.

Sar. In sincerity not much better then a Curtezan; a kind of open Creature.

Try. And do you think me fit to represent an open Creature? Saving your modesties, a Whore. Can I play the Strumpet, think yee?

Jos. Trust me Sister, as long as it is done in private, in ones own House, and for some few selected Gentlemens pleasure; Me-thinks the part is not altogether the displeasingst.

Try. Modesty defend me! you think tis nothing to play the Strumpet.

Sar. Why surely religious Lady, it can be no disgrace to you to figure out the part: For she that cannot play the Strumpet if she would, can claim no great honour to be chast.

Bri. How gravely and sententiously he speaks.

Tob. Wife, it shall be so: It is my first Injunction; you shall do it, or disobey me. You must play it.

Try. What, the Whore sir?

Tob. I, in jest: What hurt is't? And Mother, you shall excuse my Father for this once: For since my wife plaies the Whore, Ile play the Foole my selfe. Though, I know, you had rather see him do it, you shall see for a need, I can make shift to perform it as well as he; as naturally, and to the Life.

Sar. Exceeding well thought on, I pray you, Lady, approve of it.

Py. Let learning direct, I am not to prescribe to the Muses.

To. Come sweet heart, let's in and tire us, and be ready to enter presently.

Sar. I faustо pede —— *Ex. Tob. Try.* Now for the Prodigall.

Cra. O doubt not, Mr. *Sarpego*: For know Sir, I am but a poor serving creature, that lives upon expectation;

Gation; Oh Sir my end must be husks. Feare not my discharge of the Prodigall—— *Exit.*

Py. *Nil nisi Carmina desunt.*
To entertaine ye, while we attire our selves.
We want but now some Musick, or a Song,
But thinke you have it. Sir, wee'l not be long. ——— *Exit.*

Py. Seat you Gallants, sit, sweet Sir *Andrew*, Madam, and the rest, and wee'le imagine Musick, as M. *Sarpego* bids us.

Enter Linsie Wolsie, *and* Crack *with his Lute.*

How now! By what misrule comes he to trouble us?

Lin. By your leave, Gallants, I have brought you Musick.

Py. You Sir, I know your purpose, and it is prevented; you come after the Marriage to forbid the banes. Ha ha ha—you are short, Mr *Wolsie*, you are short.

Lin. Good Mrs. *Sneakup*, you are wide. I come to wish joy to the match, and mirth you I rejoyce, that I mist a Bridegroom part.

Py. How's that?

Lin. You see I wear no Willow, and am merry! All's true you told me, hey?

Crac. Yes by my detestation to Bridewell Sir.

Lin. Sing boy that song, If I have any griefe, it shall be all vented in a Hymeneall Song.

Tic. I have not known him in this humour.

Ruf. Sure 'tis a merry madnesse for the losse of the widdow, ——

Py. Since you come friendly, you are welcome, M. *Wolsie*. Pray sit with us, and heare your Hymeneall Song.

Crack

Crack sings.

Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen
Was wont to be still the old song
At high Nuptials Feasts
Where the merry merry guests
With joy and good wishes did throng:
But to this new Wedding new notes do I bring,
To raile at thee Hymen, while sadly I sing.

Fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen,
What hands, and what hearts dost thou knit?
A Widdow that's prore,
And a very very Whore,
To an Heire that wants nothing but wit?
Yet thus far, O Hymen, thy answer is made,
When his means are spent, they may live by her trade.

Py. He sings *Hymen* and *Hymen*; but me thinkes the song is scandalous to the Marriage.

Lin. Excuse me Lady, though I was cozen'd of the Bride, I have no such malice; 'tis a song that the boy could sing by chance, and made by a couple that were lately married in Crooked-Lane.

Py. O, is it so Sir? I know not what to make of it.

Florish. Enter Sarpego, *the Prolocutor.*

Tic. Let us attend I pray, the Prologue enters.

Sar. *Right Country Dame, and Country Lady,*
Look for sense as small as may be;
But, if wit deceive your thinkings,
Know our Muse disdaines base shrinkings.

Hold

Py. This begins well.

Hold a while your Verdicts bridle,
Judge not yet our Project idle,
Till at length the close may show it,
If we act the part of Poet.

Enter Tryman *and* Toby. *She lovsely dress't like a Curtezan, a bowle of wine in her hand. He in a fools Cap and Coat.*

Speak Lechery and Folly, Luxury I would say; I need not prompt them, they know what they should say.

Try. Out you base Rascall, you muddy Slave; thou hast married me, and I will drink a health to thy Cuckoldmaker. ——— *She drinks it off.*

To. Sfoot I am afraid shee'l play the whore better then I shall act the fool.

Try. Thou under-hearted, dull-blooded Pantaloon, thou whose utmost honour is to be made so good a thing as a Cuckold; thou sonne of a Cony-holder, and the Pudding-pye woomans daughter, dost thou think, dar'st thou but imagine, that I shall ever vouchsafe to love, to doe any thing, but laugh at thee. Hence you Poultroon; thy voyce sounds not so farre as thy breath stinks —— *Kicks him.*

To. Nay but, my Love do you heare wife? I do not very well like this; me-thinks you play too much in earnest.

Try. In earnest? Why Goodman Fool, you Cockscomb, you Ninnihammer, you Clotpold Countrey Gentleman, thou dirty greedines, ——

Py. Why how now daughter? Are you well? Me-thinks you over-do it too much.

Try. Thou dream'st my good husband, that thou hast

haſt married the rich widdow, ha ha ha---

Sar. Now enters Prodigality.

Enter Craſy *in his own habit, all hung with Chaines, Jewells, Bags of Money, &c.*

Cra. When the troth is, deare brother, you have married the rank whore. Ha ha ha.

To. Sir!---who, brother *Craſy?*

Jo. Sweet husband!

Py. Dear ſon!

Tic.Ruff. Precious friend!

Lin. Neighbour *Craſie!*

Sar. Dij boni! Domine Craſie!

Cra. And how doe you wife? When comes your Doctor *Pulsfeel?* But a kiſſe and ſo forth? And would not one of theſe free Gallants, theſe proper youths have ſerv'd the turne? I pray pardon mine incivility, Mother; I was bold to retaine mine owne Jewells. Ha' you not forgot your ſingles and your doubles, your fallings back, and your turnings up wife?

Jo. Why ifaith, dear heart, doſt thinke me ſo ſimple, that I did not kuow thee all the while? Alas man, I did but counterfeit, as you did, to maintaine the jeſt; kiſſe me ſweet duck---onely to maintaine the jeſt ifaith.

Cra. Yes, yes, yes, we are Friends. I heartily thank theſe kind Gentlemen for their loves to you, yes faith, heartily: I am better by it five hundred at leaſt. Be not you jealous Madame, they had nothing for it; not a bit by this Light.

Ruff. Death o' my Fortune! that was my Gold.

Tic. Plague of a Villain, that was my Jewell.

Cra. True Gentlemen; and your bounty likewiſe lies in this Bag.

La. T. Sir, we ſent theſe things to your Wife.

Cra. I thank you for it; we have but one Capacity in the Law, you know: What's hers muſt be mine. I know thou wouldſt have it ſo ſweet-heart. I am onely ſorry Gentlemen, that you were ſo well favourdly beaten. That the Foole Citizen, the Aſſe Citizen, the Cuckold Citizen ſhould procure ſuch a ſound ſwadling to your wife, valiant and ſubſtantiall Shoulders. Is t not a ſore matter? But reſt, Salves and warm Oyles may in time recover it.

How do you kind Mother? Gentlemen, if any of you want Money Gentlemen, here ſtands a *City*-wit that has it. I have it, if you want any; ſpeak, I have it, and will keep it. How does your Coſtard Sir? A Pox o'th Slit, Sir. Belov'd of *Phœbus*, Minion of the Muſes; deare water bayly of *Helicon*, be not proud of your Preferment, though you are his Highneſſe tutor. Mother, I take the reſtoring of my rich Jewels very kindly. O my kind Brother, you have got the rich Widdow; and you have borne a brain Mother. Your hundred pound, brother, was moſt thriftily and opportunely beſtow'd. I could ha' procur'd her to you at an eaſier rate, Mother. I am onely ſorry for you Mr. *Wolſy*, that you had her not: Becauſe you very honourably releaſt me of your Bond before it was due; and are in ſhrewd danger to be laught at among your Neighbours.

How does good Mr. *Craſy*, the Princes Jeweller? Mother, did not my Father look too wiſe for a *Citizen*? How doſt honeſt *Punck*? I am as much beholden to thee, as to the reſt o' them.

Py. My ſonne and my heir is utterly undone.

To. O!

To. O! I am quite cast away.

Cra. O no, you shall be no loser by me; you shall be a gainer by me Brother: Get wit Brother (marke you) wit. Good faith I pity the poore Citizen, hee has no wit; a handsome young fellow, with a pretty beard, and a proper bodied woman to his wife, and cannot beare a brain!

Try. Why dost heare, modestly mumping Mother-in-Law, with thy French-hood, gold-chain, and flaggon-bracelets, advance thy snout. If the foole thy son, the Ideot my husband here, have but as much brains as a Battledore, he may make a faire revenue of me: Has he not a place at Court? Can he not lodge me there, and prove weak-sighted, thick of hearing, sleepie after dinner, and snort when others entertaine and Court me? Can he not survey the hangings, read *Cupids* Conybery, the Park of pleasure, Christian Love-Letters, or some other Pamphlet, or faine some errand into the Town, whilst his browes are turning into gold?

Py. O impudence beyond womans apprehension! Sonne *Crasie*, we have all wrong'd thee, thou know'st it; thou hast reveng'd it, we feel it; only do not undo my heire, save him, bring him but off o'this match with any loss.

Cra. Why mother, is your son grown such a sawcy Knave, as he thinkes scorne to be a Cuckold? I cannot cleare him; in truth I cannot: He has paid for her deeply, and 'tis pity they should be parted, yes faith is't.

Py. Woman, we do pray thee, we do beseech thee, even upon our knees —— have pity on the house of the *Sneakups*: quit my son, re- *Py. and Tob. kneel.*

 linquish

linquish thy right, make frustrate this marriage, and look thee, before these able witnesses, we heartily forgive all, and forget: And withall, freely bestow this chaine upon thee—— [*Pulls off her chain and gives it.*]

Try. I do receive it.

To. She does receive it, beare witness all, she does receive it.

Try. Marry on this condition——

To. No I'le no more marries nor conditions, you have receiv'd it.

Py. I, you must make frustrate the Marriage; for look you, you have receiv'd it.

Try. I will, and freely do; only the condition I would have made, is this, That if you intend longer to be Mister of your husband, now that you have seen how well it became me, you will henceforward do as I do——Look you, wear breeches. *Puls the coats up, and shews the breeches.*

Py. O horrible!

To. How! do you wear breeches?

Try. Yes Sir, breeches; and as good lining and stuffing in them, I hope, as yours have, though they be of Sattin.

To. I'le feel that: Sfoot mother this is a man. Come and feel else.

Try. A young one Sir. [*Puts off his head-dress.*] See Master your poor servant *Jeremy*, if he has perform'd his part, desires to be admitted into the Livery of wit, and to wear this chaine as his ensigne of Freedome.

Omnes Jeremy!

To. Jeremy! O *Jeremy*! thou wer't ever too hard for--

Try. Except at spoonmeat, Sir.

To. Je-

Jo. Ieremy!

Try. Yes, Miſtreſs: Indeed forſooth.

Cra. Well, give me thy hand: I will love thee as long as there is ſwiftneſſe in meditation, ſmoothneſſe in flattery, or conſtancy in malice.

Py. And for the cure that he has wrought on me,
I will applaud his wit, and bleſſe the light
It gave me to diſcover my foule error:
Which by his demonſtration ſhew'd ſo monſtrous,
That I muſt loath my ſelf, till I bee purg'd.
Sir, by your fair forgiveneſſe, which I kneel for---

Sneak. Heaven make me thankfull: Wife I have no words
To ſhew how I rejoyce: Riſe, let me kiſſe thee---

Sar. Tempora mutantur. The towne's ours again.
Only, to fill the Scene with joy, may wee
Conjoyn ſweet maid, in the Cataſtrophe.

Bri. Would you that have taught Greeke, and whip't great boyes, come backe to your Horn-book, and let down your Gaſcoines to me, that would, if I had you, bee more tyrannous then any Pedant that ever reign'd ſince the dayes of *Dionyſius*: Beſides here is my choice, with my Maſter and Miſtreſſes leave, *Jeremies* brother.

Cra. But is hee ſeriouſly thy brother?

Try. Yes, and no more a Pimp Sir, then I am a Wench.

Cra. Well, Mr. *Sarpego*, I'le help you to a fitter match, and *Crack* I will give thee ſomething with her: Take the ſecurity of my hand.

Crac. I only deſire to be ſecure from this mans fury, and ſo conſequently from Bridewell.

Cra. He ſhall have nothing to ſay to thee.

Lin: I will have nothing to say to man, woman, or child, while I live againe.

Sar. Fortuna nihil aufert ſapienti: Fools and Fidlers are her Favourites.

Cra. Let us make this a merry night.

Think of no loſſes. Sirs, you ſhall have none;
My honeſt care being but to keep mine owne.
What, by my ſlights, I got more then my due,
I timely will reſtore again to you.

Omnes, Thanks kind Mr. *Craſy*, thanks.
Sar. Gratias vel ingentes Domine Craſy.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

NOw let me Scholaſtike wiſe
For us all Epiloguiſe:
If theſe ſlender Scenes of Wit
Are receiv'd, as they were writ,
For your mirth, and no offence;
Let your Grace quit our ſuſpence
With applaus'd Cataſtrophe.
I am ſhort, w'yee (as you ſee)
There a Figure, which pray note yee,
Sic valete valetote.

Gratias Reddo Cuicunque.
Valetote Iterumque.

FINIS.